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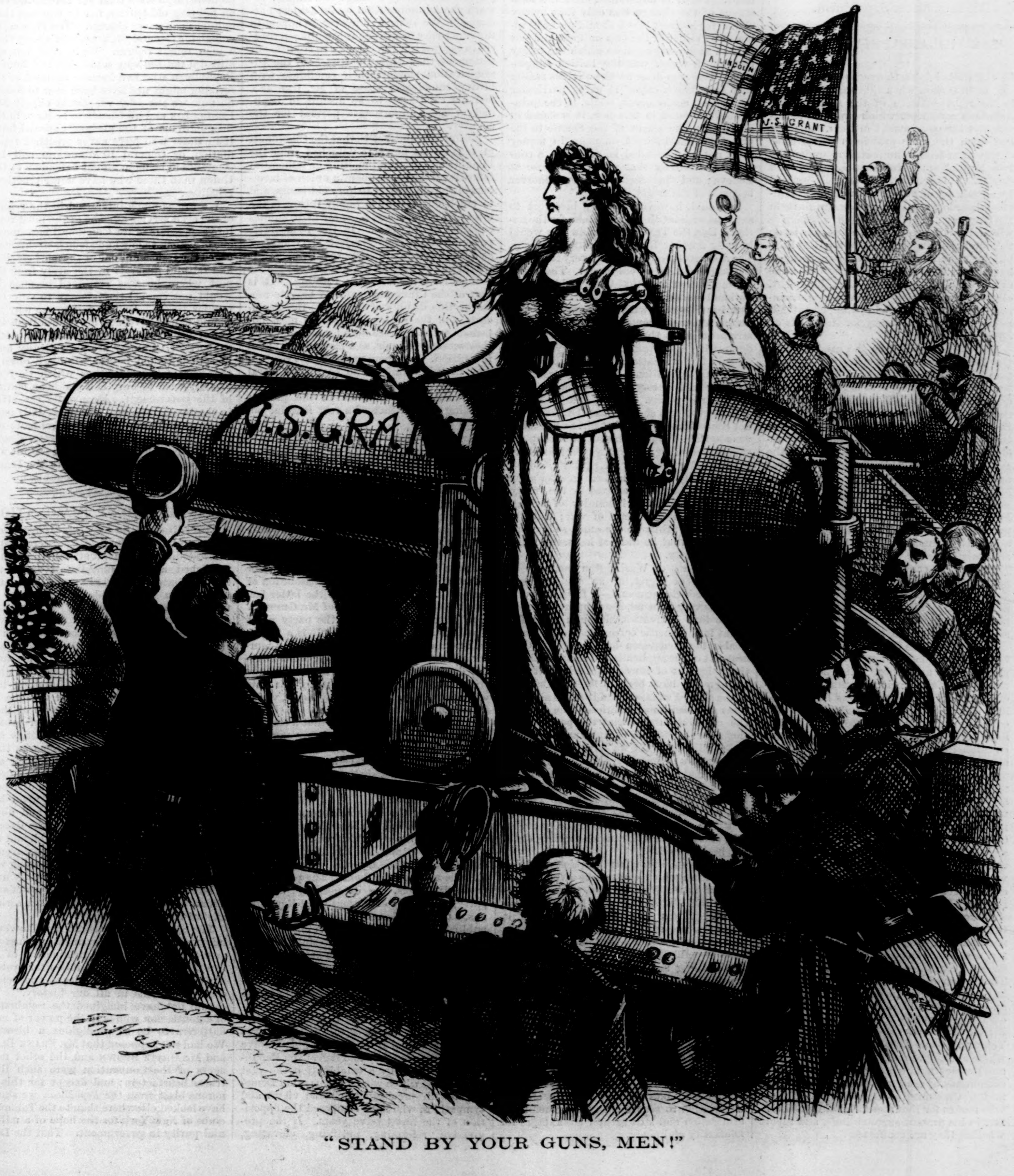


"STAND BY YOUR GUNS, MEN!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1872.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive a gratuitous Supplement containing a magnificent

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA,

apropos of the meeting of the National Republican Convention in that city.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent out a gratuitous splendidly illustrated

BOSTON JUBILEE SUPPLEMENT,

containing many new and exceedingly interesting engravings of views in and about Boston, with an entertaining and graphic Sight-seer's Guide to the notable places in and about the city. No visitor to Boston can afford to do without this magnificent Supplement.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE Philadelphia Convention, which will be in session when this paper is issued, is the representative of the steady, loyal American sentiment which proposes to administer the government in the same spirit and upon the same principles which have characterized its administration under the two Republican Presidents, LINCOLN and GRANT. This sentiment finds itself opposed by a coalition of all the elements of discontent, disorder, reaction, and uncertainty in the country; and the simple alternative which it will present to the people is, on the one hand, the certainty of a faithful Republican administration, such as experience has shown it to be, and, on the other, the chaos of a President without judgment, elected by a coalition without a single common bond except hatred of the present Administration and a frenzy for the spoils of office.

General GRANT will be the candidate for the Presidency nominated by the Convention. It is a result which we have advocated for many months, because, under all the circumstances, we believed it to be best for the country; nor have we any doubt that the country will ratify it emphatically, and that the President will be triumphantly reelected. This will be a verdict upon the general character of his administration, and against the habitual detraction of which he has been made the victim. Those Republicans who have opposed his renomination have pleased themselves not only with repeating a great many absurd slanders, but also with insinuating that those who have advocated it did so with extreme reluctance. Then why did they advocate it? Surely the patronage with which it is alleged that he has so sternly coerced the office-holders can not buy the whole party. The simplest explanation under such circumstances is usually the most sensible and the truest.

The President is the candidate of the party for re-election because the vast majority prefer him to any other. They believe him to be a faithful, sagacious, honest, and patriotic man, whose great services have earned him the gratitude and confidence of the country; and they do not see in the Republican party any man who, under all the circumstances, is so sure to command success at the polls. They see, moreover, the alternative, and they see it so plainly that the re-election of the President is assured. It is not conceivable that the Republican party would ever have nominated Mr. GREELEY for the Presidency, and the election of Mr. GREELEY by a coalition of a few Republicans with the most notoriously corrupt factions of the Democratic party is a result which every man who comprehends the inevitable consequences will most strenuously resist.

No sensible man is deluded by the cry of GREELEY and reform, because every such man knows that GREELEY and GENET, GREELEY and BRADLEY, GREELEY and Tammany, do not mean reform in any sense whatever. They mean plunder. The reform element in the Cincinnati movement has withdrawn and protested, while the most familiar Democratic leaders throw up their hats. And is it from the fungus clubs in the shadow of Tammany Hall that honest citizens any where anticipate reform of the civil service and purification of government? GRANT is surrounded by a clique of mercenary friends, is the Cincinnati complaint. Will those who mourn for that reason behold Mr. GREELEY in his present surroundings, and report whether they are comforted?

The Philadelphia Convention points to the record of its party and of the President and announces its present attitude. It makes no appeal to uncertainties. By the necessity of the case it asks support, not founded upon a vague and restless hope, but upon an actual experience. It proposes to the people the continuance of an Administration which the rebels and Copperheads of '64, with those whose personal ambition has been baffled, and a few generous, sincere, but not well-informed persons, declare to be imbecile and corrupt. And it does this, relying with implicit confidence upon the just perception of the great mass of good citizens, well assured that while they have no wish to fan the fires of old dissensions, they have also no intention of intrusting the government of the country to any party which is not composed of its true and tried friends.

THE TROUBLESOME TREATY.

THE fate of the Treaty of Washington is still uncertain. The supplementary article proposed by Great Britain was modified by the Senate in a manner which seems not to have been agreeable to the British Government. Yet it is understood that the substance of the change was only that money claims for indirect losses should never be allowed by either of the two nations, and not only in such cases as those which the treaty mentioned, which was the British suggestion. This was done for the obvious reason that just "such cases" in every particular might not again occur, while, if the principle were sound in this case, it is sound in all cases. The assent of the Senate to the principle that indirect damages in money shall not be demanded is, of course, a consent to withdraw that part of our case at Geneva; and that assent remains, whatever becomes of the treaty itself.

It would, however, be very incorrect to say that without the money claim for the national loss, the Treaty of Washington would be only another REVERDY JOHNSON treaty. The JOHNSON treaty omitted every thing but the settlement of actual losses. There was no implication in it that there had been any national loss or injury whatever. Mr. SUMNER, in the speech which expressed the universal American condemnation of that instrument, made three points of accusation against it. It contained no apology, it made no gain for international law, and it was silent upon the national loss. Any treaty, to be fully satisfactory, he said, must cover these three points. When the Treaty of Washington was signed, Lord DE GREY did not conceal his feeling that Mr. SUMNER had "made it." What he meant was that the suggestions of Mr. SUMNER's speech had been substantially adopted. Mr. SUMNER, indeed, would gladly have seen much greater gains for international law secured by the treaty, as, for instance, the immunity of private property at sea in time of war; but the precedent of arbitration seemed so invaluable to him that he did not hesitate to support the treaty.

The Treaty of Washington contains an expression of regret, or an apology, from the British Government—a form of words which is very unusual, if not unprecedented, in the text of treaties, although not infrequent in diplomatic correspondence. There is also the concession by the British Government of the application of certain rules to the judgment of its conduct which it does not agree to have been in force at the time of the alleged offenses; and it refers all questions of claims to arbitration. The error of the negotiation was that the point of national loss or indirect claims was not specifically adjusted. As we have already said, both parties to the treaty seem to have hoped that it had been settled, but neither cared to ask the question distinctly. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Sir EDWARD THORNTON say that there was an understanding. But there is evidently none in the treaty itself, and an inferential understanding could not be admitted.

There is one lesson from the history of this negotiation which can not be avoided. It is that a treaty should say, so far as language will allow, all that it means. When diplomacy was a synonym for trickery, it was, of course, desirable to cozen and confuse as much as possible. But it is one of the most hopeful signs of progress that simple truth-telling and directness are no longer considered to be unworthy of the true dignity of international intercourse. The fault of the Treaty of Washington, and the source of the misunderstanding, was the probably intentional obscurity upon a cardinal point. It was an act of homage to an exploded tradition. Should the treaty fall, we can not expect to renew the indirect claims, which the Senate have formally abandoned; but we may hope in another negotiation to secure both the principle of arbitration and still greater advantages for neutrality and peace.

INSINUATIONS AS ARGUMENTS.

MR. F. W. BIRD, a Massachusetts Republican, has lately renounced his party fellowship, and in announcing that fact remarked that he had told some friends of the renomination of the President that they had the same contempt for him which he, Mr. BIRD, had, but that they did not dare to express it. Why Mr. BIRD should assume for himself an honesty and heroism which he denies to others does not at this distance plainly appear. But we are quite sure that those who know the President much more intimately than Mr. BIRD entertain the profoundest confidence in his integrity, discretion, and patriotism. Nothing certainly would be easier than to retort upon Mr. BIRD that, if he dared to say so, he would agree that the Cincinnati Convention was a ridiculous failure, and that he really has the deepest contempt, although he is afraid to express it, for those who suppose that reform can possibly come from Mr. GREELEY's election by the aid of the late Copperheads. Mr. BIRD may be a very honest man, but he is no honester for insinuating that those with whom he differs are knaves. The New York *Tribune* repeats his remark in saying, "No one has drawn so vivid a picture of the real feelings entertained toward the Administration by its loudest partisans." We venture, however, to appeal to the experience of any of our Republican readers in any part of the country to confirm our statement, that while the friends of the Administration support their candidate with hearty confidence, those of Mr. GREELEY feel his candidacy to be absurd in itself, and of most unfortunate portent for the country.

Meanwhile, the fact is, that the Cincinnati movement has nowhere detached from the Republican party an imposing or influential following. The talk about a union of members of the old parties to bury old issues, and to reach out toward a happy future, is the most arrant nonsense, in so far as it implies equality of numbers. If the Democratic party should formally reject Mr. GREELEY as a candidate, and nominate a Democrat, it would not be known—to use the old phrase—that Mr. GREELEY was running. It is part of the Cincinnati game of brag to represent this display of signals to the Democrats, and the enthusiasm of the most notorious political hucksters for a man whom they secretly ridicule, as a momentous moral revolution. But there are some not very old men in this country who have seen moral uprisings of the people, and they had not the remotest resemblance to the present amusing performance of a very familiar political *troupe*.

THE DIVIDED DEMOCRACY.

IT is known that the Democratic party in New York is rent upon the question of the Presidency. That portion which is most associated with the most nefarious rings is very eager for the nomination of Mr. GREELEY; the better portion favors a party nomination. The argument of the former faction is that a "straight nomination" is sure to be defeated, and will compel the dissolution of the party. The argument of the latter faction is that the nomination of Mr. GREELEY is a formal declaration by the party itself that it is already dissolved. It is a frightful alternative. It is a choice between murder and suicide, or, more nobly, between going down with all flags flying and in the crisis of battle, and of scuttling the ship without a blow. The Albany *Argus*, which favors Mr. GREELEY, looks at the *World*, which opposes him, and says that a sentinel who opens the gates to the enemy ought to be shot summarily. But who opens the gates? retorts the *World*—he who proposes that the Democrats shall nominate a Democrat, or he who insists that they shall nominate a Republican?

But, under the circumstances, the arguments of the *World* are less likely to be persuasive than those of the *Argus*. The *World* stands upon Democratic traditions and consistency, but the *Argus* is conscious that there is no hope for them. The party, as a party, it thinks, can do nothing; but the party, as an ally of discontented Republicans, has some chance of breaking the Republican organization, and of being the chief element of a new and successful combination. That, of course, *is* the argument, and it is for honest Republicans and for all who desire real reform to decide whether it is strong enough to induce them to join in the enterprise.

From the moment the Cincinnati movement began it was clear that it could have but one practical result. It might dissolve the Democratic party and defeat the Republican, but only by a combination the vast majority of which would be the same Democrats, with precisely the same views and sympathies, who have composed the opposition of the last twelve years. If the progressive, reforming, purifying, elevating, hopeful element in our politics is in the Democratic party, the success of Cincinnati would be a public benefit; but if they are in the Republican party, the defeat of that party could not be a blessing for the country. The country is governed by the people, but the people always have acted, and always will act, through parties. Prophets and bards may tune their lyres, but the question for every American citizen at the polls in November will still be, "Has the country and every good object more to hope from a party chiefly composed of those who until now have been Democrats, or of those who have been always Republicans?" That is the question which honest and patriotic voters will ask themselves, and to which there can be but one answer.

The Democratic rings, repudiators, and rebels are loud for Mr. GREELEY. BERIAH M'GOFFIN, who rejected with scorn, as Governor of Kentucky, President LINCOLN's demand for troops, BEAUREGARD, GEORGE H. PENDLETON, and the Tammany clique are illustrations of his supporters. We do not say that a man is to be ostracized for having been in rebellion, nor that he may not have honest theories to justify what is generally thought to be dishonest conduct. We have no more disposition than our betters to keep on fighting old battles, nor to suppose that opinions can never change. The *Tribune*, in eulogizing General SICKLES, used to say that a man might reform. We agreed, but we still did not see why some able and honest Republican who had been in no need of reforming might not have been sent to Spain. So now we ask why we should expect Mr. PENDLETON and his friends to be more faithful guardians of the pledged national faith than those who have never preached repudiation, or General BEAUREGARD and his comrades to be more ardent defenders of the Union than those who have never practiced rebellion.

We are as much interested in the reform of the civil service as some of the most resolute supporters of the Cincinnati movement, one of whom, to our knowledge, strenuously urged the transfer of one of the most efficient and faithful generals in the army from the post where he was stationed because he would not compel the laborers to vote the regular ticket. But we fail to see why we should expect civil service reform from the lees of Tammany Hall. The Democrats who support Mr. GREELEY are patriotically anxious to bury old issues. But we observe that one of the old issues which they especially wish to bury is Republican control of the government. Meanwhile the strife in the Democratic ranks becomes daily more fierce, and the result at Baltimore more uncertain. But whether Mr. GREELEY's nomination be ratified or rejected, the result will be the same. He can not unite the Democratic party nor divide the Republican.

AN INDEPENDENT IMAGINATION.

THE editor of the Springfield *Republican* was one of the journalists who were deeply interested in the Cincinnati movement, and published a card immediately upon the nomination of Mr. GREELEY which did not indicate an irrepressible enthusiasm. In this card he remarked that Mr. GREELEY owed his nomination first to those who "smashed the DAVIS job that had been so industriously put up at Washington" and elsewhere, and second, to "the appearance of FRANK P. BLAIR and GRATZ BROWN upon the ground on the last day, breaking into and dividing the ranks of the revenue reformers, and carrying off a portion of them to the great hero and advocate of protection," added to his personal qualities and popularity. The editor then remarks that, "with his usual perversity of temper and openness to flattery, Mr. GREELEY will probably continue to give his faith and attribute his success to those who fawn upon him and who use him, and slander and abuse those braver and truer friends who dare to expose them to him and the world, and tell him the truth, that he needs to hear, even if he does not like it." This was a strong way of saying that Mr. GREELEY is totally unfit to be President, and that the election of such a man could be regarded only as a serious misfortune for the country.

The Springfield *Republican* now, however, informs us that this movement, against the results of which, in the nomination of Mr. GREELEY, these words of its editor protest, is "one of the most significant and beneficent revolutions in all our history." We should not have imagined the nomination of a gentleman who is in the power of mere flatterers to be so prodigious a blessing. We had not supposed that Mr. FRANK BLAIR and Mr. GRATZ BROWN and the other managers of the Convention were such illustrious benefactors; and except for this sonorous blast from the *Republican* we should have looked elsewhere than to the Tammany clubs of New York for the hope of a millennial purity in government. That the Dem-

ocratic hordes who have been so long out of the government pastures should long to return, is very natural. That they should call by the finest names their desperate determination to recover power if they could, was to be expected. That the orators who were last autumn shouting for Tammany Hall should now denounce the loathsome corruptions of the White House, is not surprising. But that the Springfield *Republican* should suppose this ridiculous *charivari* to be the prelude of heavenly music, and behold in the author of the BRODHEAD letter an angel of reform, nobly illustrates the fine imaginative powers of "independent" journalism.

A PORTRAIT OF GENERAL GRANT.

AT the banquet of the Army of the Potomac, at Cleveland, General DEVENS spoke to the toast of the President of the United States. After alluding eloquently to his official position the orator spoke warmly of "the love and affection of comrades—the soldiers whom he led to final victory and triumph," and he concluded by felicitously quoting MILTON'S description of CROMWELL, which is most applicable to General GRANT:

"Wherefore you speak contemptibly of his parts I know not, but I suspect you are not free from the error common to studious and speculative men. Because OLIVER was an ungraceful orator, and never said either in public or private any thing memorable, you will have it that he was of mean capacity. Sure this is unjust. Many men have been ignorant of letters, without wit, without eloquence, who yet had the wisdom to devise and the courage to perform that which they lacked language to explain. Such men, often in troubled times, have worked out the deliverance of nations and their own greatness, not by logic, but by wariness in success, by calmness in danger, by firm and stubborn resolution in all adversity. The hearts of men are their books, events are their tutors, great actions are their eloquence, and such an one, in my judgment, was his late Highness.....His own deeds shall avouch him for a great statesman, a great soldier, a true lover of his country, a merciful and generous conqueror."

The orator then called for three cheers for General GRANT, which were given with enthusiasm, the audience rising to their feet. Before the election it will be shown, we think, that the American people do not share "the contempt" which certain gentlemen are pleased to express for a man who has done the state some service.

MR. GREELEY AND THE COLORED CITIZENS.

IN replying to a statement made by Mr. VOORHEES, and in recommending Mr. GREELEY to the support of the Democratic party, the *Tribune* shows that he is not favorable to Mr. SUMNER'S Civil Rights bill. Its little effort was timely, for it was made on the day after the Democrats in the House of Representatives had voted solidly even against Mr. CARPENTER'S bill, which Mr. SUMNER called an emasculated substitute for his own. The coincidence and the fact we commend to the most thoughtful consideration of such original antislavery Republicans as may have been inclined to Cincinnati. They will not forget that FREDERICK DOUGLASS, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, GERRIT SMITH, and HENRY WARD BEECHER oppose Mr. GREELEY as a candidate for the Presidency, and that CHARLES SUMNER declined, notwithstanding the most powerful pressure, to declare for the Cincinnati movement, because he feared it might lead to the restoration of Democratic control of the government, which he knows would be most hostile to the chance of fair play for the race whose rights he has so long defended. It is plain, therefore, what these old antislavery chiefs think of the relations of Cincinnati to the prospects of the colored citizens.

The *Tribune*, in its effort to show that Mr. GREELEY need not be unacceptable to the enemies of equal rights before the law, quotes from the speech which he made to the colored people in Poughkeepsie. Mr. GREELEY, in that speech, hopes that the time will come when no man's color will exclude him from any kind of association with other people. But he says, "If the majority chose that the minority should be educated in separate schools, I would say, 'Gentlemen, be it as you please: I have no choice in the matter.'" The difficulty with this statement is, that upon the vital point it is not clear. Does Mr. GREELEY mean that in a community which guarantees equal rights before the law he would favor laws for separate schools, or that he would leave the matter to individual taste? The latter is all that Mr. SUMNER'S bill contemplates. He would not have the law recognize color among citizens. That we have always understood to be Mr. GREELEY'S position also. But if it be, that is the very point to which Mr. VOORHEES takes exception; and Mr. GREELEY can escape the exception only by renouncing the principle.

However, as Mr. GREELEY'S career for nearly forty years has been one of uncompromising hostility to every cardinal principle and measure of the Democratic party, it is a waste of time for his supporters to attempt to show his agreement upon some detail. Yet it is none the less painful to see the New York *Tribune* commending HORACE GREELEY to the support of the life-long enemies of the colored race upon the plea that he is not so much their friend as some Democrat had represented, or in the particular way to which some Knight of the Golden Circle may have objected.

PERSONAL.

THE Rev. Dr. DURBIN, who for over twenty-five years has filled with distinguished honor and ability the post of Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was at the recent Conference in Brooklyn relieved, at his own request, from further service. To rare endowments as a pulpit orator Dr. DURBIN unites executive ability of the first order, and much of the success of the missionary department of the Church is due to his indefatigable industry and organizing power. Dr. DURBIN was the first president of Dickinson College after it became a Methodist institution, in which position he was succeeded by Dr. JESSE T. PECK, just elected a bishop of the Church. Dr. DASHIELL, who succeeds Dr. DURBIN in the chief secretaryship, is a native of Maryland, a graduate of Dickinson College, and for three years past its president.

—JAMES GORDON BENNETT, the founder and proprietor of the New York *Herald*, died on Saturday, June 1, at an advanced age. Mr. BENNETT was the father of the American system of journalism, of which his own newspaper was one of the most successful examples. He carried his enterprise from a small and insignificant beginning to the high position which it now occupies, and lived to see the New York press attain a degree of importance and influence of which our earlier editors never dreamed. As a journalist and man of business Mr. BENNETT will always be accorded a very high position among the representative men of the country.

—Colonel FORNEY, speaking of the intellectual progress of the colored man, says, "If you were to compare the chiefs of the freedmen with the chief slave-holders, knowing them as I do, you would soon realize that JOHN M. LANGSTON, Professor of the Law Department of the Howard University, is as thorough a lawyer as PIERRE SOULÉ in his best days; that ROBERT BROWN ELLIOTT is a better scholar and speaker than LAWRENCE M. KEITT; and that BENJAMIN STERLING TURNER, of Selma, Alabama, a self-educated slave, is as practical a business man as GEORGE S. HOUSTON.

—GAMBETTA, with a view to further success before the people, has been studying the American system of "stump speaking," and is now practicing it in the more important towns of France. There is every reason to believe he will have great success, and that his example will be widely followed; for in a country where few newspapers are printed and read, the power of oratory, face to face, must be very great. It is not to be wondered at that multitudes flock to listen to his impassioned harangues.

—Speaking of wealth, what are ASTOR, STEWART, or the ROTHSCHILDS, compared to PTOLEMY PHILADELPHUS, of Egypt, who amassed $350,000,000? And what are our young ladies, compared with PAULINA, one of the *ton* of Rome, who, when returning visits, wore jewels worth $800,000? Mr. STEWART'S new house in Fifth Avenue may have cost $500,000; yet CLODIUS paid $650,000 for his "brown stone front" on the Palatine, while MESSALA gave $2,000,000 for the house of ANTONY. SENECA, who was a plain philosopher, was worth $12,000,000; and TIBERIUS left $120,000,000. But MARC ANTONY! whew! When he was a young gentleman, and before becoming a member of any "ring," he owed $14,000,000, and purchased the friendship of QUÆSOR for $2,500,000. This, however, was nothing, for before he got through he squandered $720,000,000 of the public money!

—Among prominent Southerners who by the Amnesty bill are restored to all the rights of citizens are, ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, HENRY A. WISE, WADE HAMPTON, BARNWELL RHETT, HENRY S. FOOTE, ROGER A. PRYOR, JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, JOHN A. CAMPBELL, JOHN FORSYTH, and Generals JOHNSTON, BRAGG, BEAUREGARD, FITZHUGH LEE, GUSTAVUS W. SMITH, and HOOD, and one hundred and fifty thousand others of lesser note. Of those who are not amnestied are JEFFERSON DAVIS, YULEE, WIGFALL, TOOMBS, IVERSON, BENJAMIN, MEMMINGER, TRENHOLM, and several hundred others deemed equally obnoxious.

—Senator BROWNLOW is said to be hopelessly ill at his home in Knoxville. The past winter has nearly finished him. Like ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, he has for a dozen years or so been constantly reputed in the papers as at death's door: yet the vital spark still flickers.

—Several of the foreign ministers at Washington are accomplished musicians. Mr. STERNSEN, the Swedish minister, has a large collection of gems of art, is wealthy, gives grand dinners, and sings and plays in charming style. Baron SCHLOZER, the German minister, also possesses great musical talent, playing the piano splendidly. Mr. DELFOSSE, the Belgian minister, and senior of the diplomatic corps, is a very accomplished gentleman, and devotes much time to playing and practicing on the piano. We haven't much of that sort of thing among our ministers or secretaries. Probably not one of them could execute an aria on the jew's-harp or banjo. Senator SCHURZ is the only Senator who plays the piano well. Among our leading political editors we know of no superior musician, excepting Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He is a splendid pianist, a delightful conversationist, and a lively man generally.

—Prince ARTHUR, having campaigned it in Canada and the United States for a brief and trying season, goes to India to see what effect two years of roughing it there will have on his liver, as well as on his military tastes.

—ROCHEFORT is at last permanently disposed of. He has been shipped for the penal colony of New Caledonia, in company with several other fellow-conspirators. The truth is, ROCHEFORT was a kind of political nuisance, a pest to any kind of government, never aiming at building up, but striving to pull down. He was always sloshing around, and never satisfied unless hitting somebody.

—On the tomb of ALEXANDRE DUMAS is the plain inscription, "Alexandre Dumas, 1802–1870." The burial-place is in the middle of the cemetery of Villers-Cotterets, between four tall and sombre pines.

—The musician is not to be lightly pooh-pooh'd. MEYERBEER, for example, will be sung and hum'd and whistled for ages to come, while the small statesmen and fussy politicians of to-day will have faded from the public memory "like the schismatic taints of the rainbow," as Counselor O'Botherem observed. The which we are moved to say from the fact that MEYERBEER'S opera of the "Huguenots" was performed several weeks ago in Paris for the five hundredth time. The widow of the composer on this occasion gave her receipts (*droits d'auteur*) to the Benevolent Fund of the Grand Opera-house.

—At last there is an end of the great Book Concern muddle. Dr. LANAHAN has had the tardy satisfaction of seeing statements which have cost him three years of ceaseless worry and persecution bear fruit in the reform of a grossly mismanaged department of the Methodist Church. Dr. CARLTON has learned, what he and his friends ought to have been pretty distinctly informed of long ago, that a clergyman who knew enough of business to be an indefatigable stock-jobber could, on no possible theory, be absolved from responsibility for the acts of his subordinates. The business of the Book Concern is now, apparently, in firmer and more trustworthy hands. The salutary precedent has been set of having a layman to act as Assistant Agent. For the sake of the Methodist Church, and the cause of religious activity in general, it is to be hoped that under the new management the Book Concern will be conducted with some approximation to the rigorous exactness of a great private business.

—Speaking of prominent Boston families, especially of Dr. CHANNING, R. H. DANA, and BUCKMINSTER, the "American Cyclopedia" and Mrs. LEE'S "Life of Buckminster" explain the relationship between them. Judge REMINGTON, of Cambridge, had two daughters, of whom one married WILLIAM ELLERY, of Rhode Island, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the other the Rev. Dr. STEVENS, of Kittery, Maine. Mrs. ELLERY was the grandmother of CHANNING and DANA, and Mrs. STEVENS was the grandmother of BUCKMINSTER. The two former were, therefore, first cousins, and were second cousins to BUCKMINSTER. All three were, as well as OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, great-great-grandsons of Mrs. ANNE (DUDLEY) BRADSTREET, who flourished as a poet two hundred years ago, and whom JOHN NORTON describes as a "peerless gentlewoman, the mirror of her age, and glory of her sex:

"Praise her who list, yet he shall be a debtor,
For art ne'er feigned, nor nature formed, a better."

—The pleasant way in which authors talk about authors is thus told in the London *Saturday Review:* PITT told WILBERFORCE, respecting Bishop BUTLER'S great work, "You may prove any thing by analogy." SYDNEY SMITH says the book is "the most noble and surprising defense of revealed religion ever made." FIELDING was "the prose HOMER of human nature," according to BYRON; "a blockhead," if we believe Dr. JOHNSON. JOHNSON himself was dubbed Ursa Major by Lord AUCHINLECH. "He has nothing of the bear but his skin," said GOLDSMITH. "JOHNSON was an odious and mean character," according to HORACE WALPOLE; Mr THOMAS CARLYLE praises him as "a mass of genuine manhood." "Sir, I don't think GRAY a first-rate poet," quoth JOHNSON; "I have been reading GRAY'S works, and I think him the only poet since SHAKSPEARE entitled to the character of the sublime," wrote COWPER. "The first of solemn coxcombs," says WHARTON of GOLDSMITH; "An inspired idiot," says HORACE WALPOLE; while Bishop PERCY speaks of his "elegant and enchanting style." CURRAN tells us that EDMUND BURKE'S mind "was like an over-decorated chapel, filled with gauds and shows and badly assorted ornaments;" Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH held he was "the greatest philosopher in practice the world ever saw." "There could not," said PORSON, "be a better exercise for a school-boy than to turn a page of GIBBON'S 'Decline and Fall' into English." "The luminous page of GIBBON," said SHERIDAN, though the wit afterward declared he meant "voluminous."

—Speaking of Mr. BRIGHT, a recent English writer says that the real greatness and persuasiveness of his speeches lie not in their argument, but in the passion and massiveness of the convictions that underlie that argument. His magic lies in his art of giving his audience a glimpse of the spectacle of himself—a character of large passion and wonderful dignity, though seldom, indeed, of true impartiality.

—Lord LYTTON, now just sixty-seven years old, lives in almost complete retirement, looking after his health. He stoops, is exceedingly deaf, and has altogether a strange look of antiquity. His only son, "Owen Meredith," now a middle-aged man, is in the diplomatic service. He is very like his father; is beloved by his friends, and has a grace and exquisite courtesy which delight those who know him. He is one of the most kind-hearted of men.

—A correspondent writing from Rome gives some very interesting particulars relative to the refusal of the Pope to accept Prince BISMARCK'S nomination of Cardinal HOHENLOHE as the German embassador at the Vatican. At first, he says, both the Pope and Cardinal ANTONELLI were disposed to concur in this appointment; but the Jesuits, fearing that it might produce a *rapprochement* between Germany and the Holy See, set every engine at work to prevent it. In this they were strongly supported by the French clergy at Rome, who had a powerful advocate in M. VEUILLOT, that gentleman being at the time on a visit to the Holy City. "The policy of the Jesuits," observes the correspondent, "which does its utmost to prevent any distinction being made in theory or in practice between Jesuitism and Catholicism, here had a common ground of action with that of the French Chauvinistes, who hope to bring religious fanaticism into the field as their ally in the future war of revenge against Germany.... These are mighty influences on the anti-German side, and they place the Pope in an extremely difficult situation. The French clergy evidently claim to be the protectors of the Holy See, with the intention of afterward making use of their position to influence the destinies of France. Religion is thus made the cloak of an extensive conspiracy, and the Pope, who professes to be the prisoner of the Italian government, is really the prisoner of these ambitious plotters." It was expected that Prince BISMARCK would resent this indignity by breaking off all communication with the Vatican. He has, however, taken a different course. In a strong speech to the German Parliament he declared that no proceeding so discourteous had happened to him during twenty-one years; but that he should, in the interest of the Catholic population, nominate another envoy. On the other hand, he should propose a law securing to every subject of the empire absolute liberty of conscience—that is, depriving excommunication of all civil or pecuniary effects. The House agreed to his view and voted the salary of a minister in Rome, and voted also a resolution on behalf of a bill for the better control of the religious corporations. Their rules are to be invalid till countersigned by the state. A special clause is leveled against the Jesuits, and the government is enabled to punish the fraternities "for any action which may be dangerous to the state."

—There are many penalties attached to greatness, and it is doubtful whether it may not be preferable to occupy an obscure position, and to die unlamented by the public, rather than to be consigned to earth with a pompous ceremonial, or to run the risk of having one's deeds recorded by an incompetent biographer. In Italy, however, it is possible for a great man to anticipate in the prospect of his decease a still more terrible indignity—that his body may be detained above-ground forever, to gratify the curiosity of the public. This is to be the sad destiny of MAZZINI, whose mortal remains, instead of being consigned peacefully to the earth, are to be preserved by Professor GORINI for the benefit of future generations of sight-seers. This is a cruel fate, and one well fitted to quench the generous aspirations of Italian patriots and statesmen. To live and die for Italy may be to live and die nobly; but to have one's body "petrified," possibly to fall into the hands of some Italian BARNUM, is indeed an unhappy lot.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE week just ended was a very busy one in both Houses of Congress. In the Senate, May 27, a bill was passed directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to the State of Kentucky $1,000,000 due her for raising and equipping troops during the Southern rebellion. At the request of Mr. Trumbull, the chairman, the Committee on the Judiciary was discharged from the further consideration of the petitions against recognizing God in the Constitution, in favor of the exclusion from office of persons addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, against amending the Constitution so as to make foreigners eligible for the Presidency, and petitions relating to other subjects. In the consideration of the Tariff bill the Senate voted down a motion to except pig-iron and steel rails from the reduction of ten per cent. The duty on quinine was reduced to ten per cent. *ad valorem.* A concurrent resolution was adopted in the House, extending the session until June 3, noon. A bill revising the mint and coinage laws was passed under a suspension of the rules. The Senate, May 28, concurred in the House bill to adjourn June 3. The bill extending the power of the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus in the Southern States until the next session of Congress was defeated in the House, as was also the Supplementary Civil Rights bill. The Senate, May 29, placed the duty on tobacco at twenty-four cents a pound, and resolved to discontinue the moieties to informers. Mr. Sumner offered a joint resolution, May 30, proposing an amendment to the Constitution providing for the election of President by a direct vote of the people, and abolishing the office of Vice-President. Senators Sumner and Schurz spent several hours, May 31, in abusing President Grant's administration. The Senate passed the Tariff and Tax bill, but the House non-concurred in some of the amendments, and a conference committee was appointed.

The public debt statement shows a reduction for May of about $7,000,000. The amount would have been larger but for the advanced payments on account of pensions.

It is estimated that 15,000 working-men are engaged in the strikes now in progress in New York city. There is every probability of an early and successful termination.

The boiler of the steam-tug *Epsilon* exploded in the East River May 27, killing six men and wounding several others.

Southwestern Missouri was visited by a tornado recently, which resulted in the loss of several lives and the destruction of a vast amount of property.

The new Mount Sinai Hospital, on Lexington Avenue, in New York city, was dedicated May 29. Addresses were made by Governor Hoffman and Rev. Dr. Adler.

The Revenue Reformers held a large meeting in New York May 30 in opposition to Mr. Greeley for President. Mr. William Cullen Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, presided.

The Pennsylvania Democratic Convention met at Reading May 30, and nominated ex-Senator Buckalew for Governor.

The Committee on the Methodist Book Concern frauds reported to the General Conference, May 30, that extensive frauds had been perpetrated in the bindery department, and that various opportunities for wrong-doing had been opened through mismanagement. The report was adopted by the Conference without debate. Rev. Dr. Nelson and Mr. Phillips were elected agents of the Concern in place of Drs. Carlton and Lanahan, the latter of whom declined a re-election.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE English government has decided to pardon the Fenians now confined in prison, and they will soon be released.

During the discussion of the Army bill in the French Assembly, May 27, General Trochu made a speech charging the Bonapartists with having corrupted the army. The remarks were greeted with applause from all parts of the Chamber.

General Ulrich, whose defense of Strasburg and its final surrender the French Committee on Capitulations censured at every point, has been removed from active service in the army.

The trial of Château for setting fire to the Tuileries terminated, May 29, with a verdict of guilty, and the prisoner was sentenced to be shot.

Bohemia has been deluged by heavy and destructive rains, which have caused great damage to the growing crops, and much loss of life.

In the Spanish Cortes, May 30, a vote of censure was moved against Marshal Serrano for pardoning the surrendered Carlists, and Señor Martoz proceeded to question the government. Repeating his inquiries after Topete had refused to reply, the latter left the Chamber, declaring the action of the deputy insulting. Serrano, it is stated, will soon assume the presidency of the Council.

Marshal Serrano has resigned as generalissimo of the Spanish army, and Lieutenant-General Echague has been appointed in his place.

GRANT IS NOT HONEST ABOUT AMNESTY, AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.
A COMPOSITION BY CARL SCHURZ.
CORRUPT. MUSIC BY CARL SCHURZ
THE HEART THAT NEVER QUAILS. BY C. SCHURZ
DOWN WITH GRANT. MUSIC AND WORDS BY C. SCHURZ
MILITARY RING AT WASHINGTON
THE GERMANS WILL VOTE FOR H. G.
FRENCH ARMS SALE. A FOREIGN TUNE BY CARL SCHURZ.
LIBERAL REFORM MUSIC WITHOUT WORDS C. SCHURZ

"PLAYED OUT!"

KNOWLEDGE OR IGNORANCE.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Of the picture of a Roman letter-writer, given on this page, writes the artist, Mr. Sydney Hall: "He is one of the public letter-writers (*scrivani publici*). Don't you see his pen and his ink-pot, and his shells and bits of marble for paper-weights? What a world of wisdom there is in his face! No wonder: he is surcharged with the affairs of tribes of contadini. What! can none of them read and write? Don't they know their A, B, C? nor even their S. P. Q. R.? Not one! Those 'avvisos' and 'notificaziones' over the umbrella are all hieroglyphics to them, and they are in blissful ignorance of their future erudition heralded in that notice, 'Istruzione Publica.' Public instruction, indeed! Indeed there is need of it."

The chief struggle of the day is the conflict between ignorance and knowledge: almost every nation is slowly laboring to teach itself. It was the theory of papal Rome and of medieval chivalry that the people should be left uneducated, and that mental cultivation was only necessary for a ruling caste. It is the leading principle of that modern civilization against which the recent papal council aimed its bitterest anathemas that knowledge should be as free to all as the air we breathe or as the light from heaven. No sooner does any nation throw off the papal yoke than it seeks, at the same moment, to escape from the tyranny of ignorance. A general longing for a higher cultivation seems the most promising trait of recent politics. Scarcely had the papal garrison been driven from the city of Rome, when its people met to organize their public schools. The Jesuit colleges and the monkish seminaries, which had left the Romans in startling ignorance, were thrown aside or broken up. Rome joined the great company of progressive cities that, from the Rhine to the Pacific, are united by a common system of education. And on the brow of the Capitoline Hill, above the Forum of Cicero, the children of its common schools recently celebrated, amidst the applause of the populace, the new triumph of the teacher.

The remarkable conflict is renewed in every land. All over Italy the common-school system is making a rapid advance—is stirring the lazzaroni of Naples, and chasing the brigands from the Abruzzi. Prussia and Northern Germany lead in the path of knowledge. Austria, just rescued from the papal rule, is studying the problems of education. Fallen France, the victim of its priests, is striving to create, by a compulsory system, a more effective method of instruction. Even Spain is willing to learn; and England has at last begun a national education by an imperfect and ill-considered scheme. Our own country shares the general impulse. California proposes a compulsory method; the great communities that are rising upon the declivities of the Rocky Mountains and the sources of the Columbia are demanding knowledge; the city of New York has shaken off its priestly rulers, and will once more renew and perfect its public schools. While in that unhappy section of our country where civil war, the offspring of ignorance, has left its painful traces, where slavery so long enforced mental degradation, where the teacher was looked upon as a public foe, the common school may now assert its power, restore good order, and expel the brigands from Texas or the Carolinas.

One open foe alone opposes the general education of the nations. The Romish Church has once more placed itself in the path of advancing knowledge. Never did it make more resolute efforts to keep the people in mental bondage, or assail, by all its arts of force or fraud, with such singular persistency, the course of education. Every country of Europe and America resounds with the clamor of its priesthood against the national schools. The pope, from his servile council, has given the signal for the general assault. Had he the power, he would consign every teacher of the Eternal City to the dungeons of the Inquisition, and that right of persecution which the Roman council declared inherent in the Romish Church would be exercised, with no sparing hand, upon the founders and the patrons of the Italian free schools. The Abruzzi would be restored to its banditti, the populace of Rome and Naples be left to languish in unparalleled degradation.

In every land the priesthood obey with ardor the commands of their infallible head. From Ireland we have the severe denunciation by an assembly of Romish prelates of that system of schools and colleges which has been slowly elevating its unhappy people above pauperism and decay. As if the unlucky Irish were never to escape from bondage to that despotic Church which sold them to the Normans, and drove them from their happy homes to live or perish in their misery, they are once more deprived by their papal rulers of every hope of future progress. In England, Archbishop Manning and his followers embarrass, by every mischievous art, the success of the new system of education. And patriots like Professor Huxley are naturally startled at the thought of maintaining Jesuit colleges and schools at the public expense. In France, the Bishop of Orleans condemns every system of instruction that is not controlled by the priest. It is stated that the French republic has yielded to the demands of the papacy, and will place its schools under the care of the priesthood, and train its people in a vassalage to Rome. Should it do so, it must be content to remain forever in a low grade of civilization.

Austria, more intelligent than France, has resisted the anathemas of the pope, but the war between the teachers and the priests rages in all its cities. Italy, the boldest of the Catholic nations, preserves its faith, but denies the right of the head of its Church to interfere in its civil affairs. "We are Catholics," said a young Italian to M. Taine; "but we are resolved to dethrone the pope:" and the mental vigor of the people of Italy might well be imitated by their fellow-Catholics in France, Ireland, and the United States.

Yet in no country has the assault of the Romish priesthood upon the national schools proved so bitter and so vindictive as in our own. Gratitude, one would suppose, might have checked their zeal; they might have remembered that the free land in which they had found a shelter was the product of modern education; that the free schools of America had provided them with a refuge when they were persecuted in Ireland or expelled from Rome. But no honorable emotion seems to find place in their fierce fanaticism, no language is too gross to express their abhorrence of the favorite institution of their adopted home. In insolent and arrogant tone they demand its instant destruction. "The secular school system," said Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, "is a social cancer:......the sooner it is destroyed the better." The converts from Protestantism in the high offices of the Romish Church re-echo his words with furious bigotry. The Romish press, according to a foreign review the least patriotic portion of our literature, assails the public schools in language we do not design to repeat, demands their immediate overthrow, and the creation, at the cost of the community, of a system of education resembling that which prevailed in Italy before its emancipation—at Rome, when it shuddered beneath the Jesuit rule.

Such extravagance of fanaticism has seldom been equaled. The common-school system, which is so bitterly denounced by the foreign priesthood, is one of the noblest creations of freedom. Stretching its immortal links from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it supports the Constitution and defines the law. Its unity, its vigor, its progressive excellence, have won for it the affections of the people; nor is there any one of his native institutions in which the patriot feels more just confidence than the public school. That it may rise to still higher excellence, to still grander proportions; may amend the sufferings and the disorders of the Southern States, reach the vast foreign population of our cities, be imitated in distant lands, and link together, in a wide union of intelligence and good sense the free governments of Europe and America, we may anticipate with no excessive enthusiasm, for its power seems limitless. The white schoolhouse already nestles beneath the forests of Nevada; the scholars of the national schools celebrate their anniversary on the Capitol at Rome.

Scarcely had the Romish priesthood gained strength and influence among us than they began their assault upon our national education. They formed a furious political faction. They aroused on their side the worst elements of the population. They denounced as godless, immoral, and full of evil the fair school-houses that were training in patriotism and virtue the people of the city and the wilderness. Education, which should be kept sacred from all lower influences, they dragged down into the coarse arena of party strife; and for twenty years, in every city and village where their power is felt, the agents of a foreign Church have been engaged in a ceaseless warfare against knowledge.

Nor have they been unsuccessful. In our own city the great system of common schools has been checked in the maturity of its vigor; a throng of Jesuit seminaries and monkish asylums has sprung up thickly in its path. That vicious method of education which has just been expelled from Rome seems transplanted to New York. Immense sums have been appropriated by our corrupt rulers to the support of the priestly schools. In 1869, $400,000 were given to Catholic charities and Catholic education. St. Bridget's School received $23,000; St. Teresa's, $12,000; St. Gabriel's, $11,000; and it would weary the reader to review the long list of Romish institutions that were sustained by the unlucky city. In 1870 and 1871 the donations swelled in volume. The "Protectory" alone received $100,000 annually; the priesthood reveled in their ill-gotten gains. But how these vast sums were expended no one can tell, except that they were all employed for the destruction of the common schools.

A sudden blight has fallen upon the prosperity of the priesthood: the corrupt officials they have so long maintained in power have sunk beneath the just rage of the people; the decaying resources of the city will no longer be wasted in supporting useless charities or Romish schools; and New York may once more rival Rome or Florence in its zeal for national education. A great victory has been won for knowledge and for progress; and we may trust that the story of the liberation of New York from a priestly rule will arouse in every city and village of our country a new ardor in the cause of mental independence; that Catholics and Protestants will join in defending the common schools, in rejecting the claim of the priesthood to retard the onward course of education. Catholic Italy, Bavaria, and Austria may teach Catholic Americans to disregard the noisy clamors of the priests. Of the cheering events in the history of education the most remarkable is the swift revolution at Rome. Centuries have rolled on in gloom and despondency since the people of the Eternal City were permitted to teach in their schools lessons of freedom and of self-respect. In the better days of the republic the Roman youth studied the patriotic legends of their early history, and were instructed in the duties of the citizen. With the fall of liberty, education died. For eighteen centuries, under its emperors or popes, no free school, in the modern sense, has existed at Rome. Scarcely a year has passed since monks and Jesuits ruled over its trembling people, and a garrison of brigands and convicts crushed every aspiration toward a higher cultivation. So deep was the general ignorance that the Jesuit officials at Rome told the Rev. Hobart Seymour that it would be useless to offer the Bible in Italian for sale in its bookstores, or even to distribute it freely, since none of the populace could read it, nor did they blush to confess their shame.

Such was the result of that system of education which its Romish advocates are striving to force upon our own cities; but Roman patriots were shocked at their own mental and moral degradation, and the bitter disgust and hatred with which the Roman people turned from monk, Jesuit, or pope may well be a warning to the priesthood of every land. And it is possible that of all their gross corruptions and crimes the least pardonable was their ceaseless labor to shut out from decaying Rome the light of modern progress. Within a year the parochial schools of the Eternal City—its St. Gabriel's, St. Teresa's, or St. Mary's—have been closed or abandoned; the Jesuits have fled from the rage of the people they had corrupted and enslaved; and national schools have been established at which Cornelia might have educated her children, or Virginia attended unharmed. In the war between ignorance and knowledge, between moral degradation and progressive honesty and purity, Rome, at least, has chosen the better part.

That the example of their ancient capital may excite the European cities to new ardor in the cause of education seems not incredible. Al-

KNOWLEDGE OR IGNORANCE—A ROMAN LETTER-WRITER.

ready Vienna and Munich, London and Paris, are zealous in their efforts to promote the growth of general knowledge. How to educate every member of the community, to teach decency, good order, and morality to the children of the poor, moderation and self-restraint to the children of the rich, has become the leading question of modern politics; on the one side, the Romish priesthood deny the right of nations to teach themselves; on the other, the fatal influence of Romish teaching or of Romish ignorance forces itself upon the attention of legislators. It is possible that Europe is on the eve of a new era of reform; that a generous system of national education may lift its various sections to a common standard of civilization; that wars and idle rivalries may pass away with advancing knowledge, and the vast revenues expended heretofore on fleets and armies, in court or camp, be profitably employed in improving the condition of the people.

But in the front of the advancing nations must stand our own country. We have already provided that effective system of public instruction toward which France, England, and Austria are toiling with slow labors. The slave-holders and the priests have planned the destruction of the common schools in vain. The system may be readily extended, by the aid of a compulsory provision, to cover the dark region from the Potomac to the Rio Grande; to penetrate the foreign population of our crowded cities. Yet our schools are still in their infancy, and it is probable that the chief question of American, as well as of European politics, in the future, will be how to complete the education of its people.

To delay this progressive instruction of the nation will be the constant aim of the Romish priests. Whether by open violence, as at Hunter's Point, or by political intrigue, as in most of our cities, by casuistry or rude denunciation, a papal faction will hereafter exist among us, laboring to check the growth of knowledge. The destiny of freedom will probably be determined in the struggle between the teacher and the foreign Church. Yet of the result of that contest there can no longer remain a doubt. It was the teacher that cheered on GRANT and his Union army before the walls of Vicksburg and, the lines at Richmond. It was the school districts and the teachers that placed their best defender in the Presidential chair. And as once more the enemies of education and of progress unite to drive the man they most fear from the station he has filled so well, the great army of teachers will rally to his defense, and demand for GRANT, like WASHINGTON and LINCOLN, a second term of office, the crowning proof of the gratitude and confidence of the nation he has saved.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "Won—Not Wooed," "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—(*Continued.*)

OTHELLO CHARMS DESDEMONA WITH THE TALE OF HIS ADVENTURES.

I BELIEVE that Jack must have guessed how matters were with his friend, for he came to the rescue with: "That shipwreck story, Tyndall. I was telling Miss Somers that nature hadn't always sympathized with *you*."

"Oh, it's nothing," said Arthur; "that is, the story isn't. But it's quite true what Jack says—Nature pleases *herself*: if she pleases us, so much the better for us; but she doesn't go out of her way to do it—not she. I was once a passenger on board a ship that was burned in the North Pacific. We talk of 'leaving home' as being a painful experience; but when home leaves *us*, when one sees the vessel that has been our ark of safety for long months in wind and storm go down before one's eyes into the Deep, a sheet of fire—*that* is leaving home indeed. It was quite calm when the thing happened, so that we were all enabled to take to the boats, but it was not less terrible to see on that account. I shall never forget the hiss of the waveless sea as the burning mass went under, nor the darkness, which it had illumined, that closed over us as it did so. It seemed to be a full five minutes before we saw the stars; yet there they were, shining down upon us as daintily as they will shine upon this pleasure-boat to-night, with the thin fleecy clouds sailing in and out among them; and they would have shone all the same, we may be sure, had we all been burned alive in our lost ship, and gone under with it. So, you see, Helen, that Nature is not quite so sympathetic as you take her to be."

"Go on, Arthur; pray go on. What *did* you do?"

"Well, we did the best we could, which was not much. In the first place, we counted our provisions. No petty trader ever knew so well what articles he had in store as we did, every man of us; for we were a thousand miles from the nearest land, and every ounce of food and every spoonful of water might be worth its weight in gold. We had four hams, and twenty-eight pounds of pork; twelve two-pound cans of oysters and preserved meats; six bushels of raw potatoes (which rotted very fast, by-the-bye, and were of small service to us), but sixteen gallons of water, three bottles of brandy, and one hundred pounds of tobacco."

"That seems a great deal, too," said Helen.

"Yes," murmured Jack; "I have heard of nothing like such provision since the list of stores in Robinson Crusoe's cave."

"Yes, my good fellow, but that was for one man's benefit," said Arthur, gravely, "and we were thirty-one, and a thousand miles from land. Two of us, it is true, were sick, and had not much appetite, but what they had, poor fellows, was never satisfied. It is no exaggeration to say that what Jones yonder took to-day at lunch to his own cheek would have lasted him a week on board our boat. We were put on short allowance from the first, of course, each man being allowed but a morsel of salt pork (or a little piece of potato, if he preferred *that*) and half a sea-biscuit three times a day. It took seven of those sea-biscuits to weigh a pound. For the first two days only a gill of water was served out to each; but for a fortnight afterward there was almost incessant rain, which we caught in canvas, and stored in every place that would hold water, even to our boots. Those were luxurious days when we had plenty of water, for thirst, as we afterward discovered, is even harder to bear than the pangs of hunger; though, as to that, when folks talk of 'wanting objects in life,' and prate about having 'nothing to look forward to,' I often think of those first few days, when we were less used to starve, and how, after the morning fragment was consumed, we counted the hours till noon and night should bring with them another meal. A time did come when most of us, perhaps all of us, would have given up every chance of prosperity in this world—I had almost said of happiness in the next—for half a loaf of bread and a cup of water; when all the riches of the world, and the pride of life—all that Art and Learning have ever done for the human race—had become absolutely valueless; when civilization was a dead letter, and our hearts and wishes were all, as it were, 'fried down' to those two rude desires, Food and Drink."

"Did you talk much?" asked Helen.

"Not at first; most of us were too downhearted. We only looked at one another, and searched the sea for the sail that never came."

"And thought, I suppose, of Home?"

"Sometimes. I have seen this very river, for example, with its green banks and shady groves, as plainly as I see it now, though the tropic sun poured down on us its fiery darts, and the sea itself shone around us like molten metal. I heard the flap of the sail, the cool dip of the oar: the ripple of this rushing stream mocked my parched lips. It was not Home, you see, so much as water, of which I dreamed.—I am afraid you must think me a savage, Helen."

If she did, it was easy to read in her admiring eyes that she thought him a very Noble one.

"On the contrary," said Jack, "you were more like an alderman, always thinking of eating and drinking. But pray get on to where you devoured the two sick men."

Helen gave a stifled shriek of horror, and Allardyce looked up for the first time from his cigarette manufacture with a gleam of interest in his languid face.

"Did you eat them raw?" inquired he.

"We did not eat them at all," said Tyndall, "as Jack very well knows."

"Oh, how *could* you, Mr. Adair!" remonstrated Helen.

"I beg your pardon for the disappointment," answered the Incorrigible One.—"Paddle on, Tyndall."

"Next to food, the hope of being picked up was the subject of our thoughts, and even of our dreams, when we did dream, for we slept but little. The nights were very dismal and lonesome, especially (as mostly happened) when there were no stars: as we had no lantern, too, we could not even see the compass."

"How did you steer the boat?" inquired Allardyce, languidly expelling a thin spiral of smoke.

"It traveled easy, and we steered by the feel of the wind in our faces and by the heave of the sea. I have abused the stars; but I am bound to say that the North Star, though I still contend that he only came out for his own convenience—"

"Oh, Arthur!" interrupted Helen.

"I don't say, my dear Helen, that he would not have come out for *yours*," continued Tyndall, coolly; "but as for us, who, I dare say, did not deserve it, he was not very considerate. When we did catch a fleeting glimpse of him, however, we made the most of it, instantly lighting a match and examining the compass to see that we kept our course. On the fifth day we caught a dolphin, which we warmed by means of a fire made in a tin plate, and divided among all hands."

"Did it change into all kinds of beautiful colors when it died, Arthur?"

"Not that I remarked, my dear; it only struck me how very little there was of it, though it had to go such a great way. We caught seven more in all, and a bonita. After that we caught no more, and began to starve. On the eighth day our rations were reduced one-half. Breakfast—an ounce of ham, one gill of water; dinner—same quantity of bread and water, with four oysters."

"Ah!" said Allardyce, "in London one eats oysters for an appetite, which you could not have wanted. Were they natives?"

"Fortunately not, since they were much larger. But just imagine how you would feel at the club when, after the oysters and bread-and-butter, your host said, 'That is all.' Our supper consisted of the same portion of bread and water, with twelve raisins. During the first fifteen days we had also each a spoonful of brandy, but that soon failed. Upon one occasion a small dark object was seen rising and falling upon the waves. As we drew nearer it was found to be a green turtle, fast asleep. I never remember enduring such moments of agonizing expectation as followed. Directions were given for his capture, but we hardly hoped that so great a blessing should be vouchsafed to us. The man to whom the task was confided probably felt a greater sense of responsibility than that of all the directors of public companies who have ever existed; and as for the rest of us, we held our breath as the moment approached for the execution of his project. If he should miss his grasp, we felt that we should tear him to pieces. Silently we floated up to this floating prize, and the next instant it was hauled aboard by its hind-leg. Jack has likened us to aldermen, but never did aldermen smack their lips over turtle as we did; it was warmed, like the dolphins, and then divided. If heaven can be concentrated in a taste, I must surely have experienced it in my thirty-first share of that turtle."

"It must have been an invidious task to divide it," observed Helen. "I suppose the captain did that?"

"The man they had chosen for captain did; for we were only one of three boats, though with the other two we had parted company, and, as it happened, none of the chief officers of the ship were with us. The division, I believe, was made as equal as it could be."

"Are you sure of that, Tyndall?" observed Jack, quietly. "As the story was told me—though not by yourself—I understood the captain often gave some of his own share to a little lad there was on board."

"How nice of him!" cried Helen, rapturously.

"Well, he was a big, strong man," said Arthur, "and the poor child was failing. On the eighteenth day we caught two 'boobies.' Never were two boobies so welcome to any joint-stock company; they are about as large as a duck, but mostly bone and feathers. They were not even warmed, for the sea ran too high to admit of our lighting a fire; so we ate them raw, and to the last bone. On the twenty-first day a dreadful incident occurred. One of the men—an invalided one too, who was too weak even to take his turn in the watch—leaped suddenly to his feet, and cried, 'A sail! a sail!' But it turned out to be only one of our own boats that had drifted across our path after three weeks of absence. They could do nothing for us, of course, nor we for them; but that chance meeting seemed, strangely enough, to increase our sense of loneliness. On all the vast Pacific there seemed to be no other beings than ourselves and our shipwrecked fellows. That day we made an observation, and found that we were a thousand miles from where our vessel had been burned. Think of a thousand miles of ocean without a sail! We had been steering for the Clarion Isles, but were now obliged to give up the hope of making them, and altered our course for the Sandwich group. What we suffered for the next three weeks it is impossible to describe. The pains of hunger would seem incredible, even if I could paint them. Curiously enough, what we found most efficacious to divert our minds from the horrors that encompassed us was the descriptions of delicious dinners eaten at home, or the planning of interminable and preposterous bills of fare for dinners that we should eat when we got home again; only the little boy had the good sense to remark that plain bread-and-butter would be good enough for him all the days of his life, if he could only get it. You may think I exaggerate, but it is nevertheless a fact that, during this last period of our sufferings, we never slept; nor yet were we wholly awake. Three-fourths of our faculties were in our possession, but the remainder was in dream-land, and made feasts—always feasts—composed of every thing imagination could dream of, piled upon long tables, and smoking hot. We fell down and ravenously seized upon the first dish; and then awoke to find ourselves among our starving comrades upon the desolate, sailless sea. It is too terrible to recall to mind: let it suffice to say, as an example of the condition to which we were reduced, that on the twenty-eighth day our rations were one tea-spoonful of bread-crumbs and an ounce of ham for the morning meal, and a tea-spoonful of bread-crumbs only for the evening. On the thirty-eighth day of our troubles we had nothing left but a pound and a half of ham among us. The ham bone was saved for the next day. For some time before that we had been cutting our old boots into small pieces, and eating them, and also pounding wet rags into a sort of pulp. After apportioning the ham bone, the captain cut the canvas cover that had been around the ham into fifteen equal pieces, and each man took his portion. This was the last division of food; but the men broke up the small wooden butter-tub, and divided the staves, and gnawed them up; and also the shell of the little green turtle was scraped with knives, and eaten to the last shaving. As for myself, I remember eating the strap of one boot, and saving the other for the next day."

"But did you really never think of eating one another, Tyndall?" inquired Allardyce—"of drawing lots, I mean, and so forth?"

"The men did so, I believe," answered Tyndall, hesitating.

"Well; and *you* were one of the men. Come, tell us the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," said Allardyce; "unless, indeed, you wish us to consider yourself the only hero of this terrible adventure."

"There was not much heroism in the matter," said Arthur, gravely, but with perfect good humor, "because, you see, we could not help ourselves. I am sorry I can't oblige you by any reminiscence of cannibalism; but since you insist upon it, I will allow that some of our people, as they confessed to me afterward, turned their minds that way. It was felt that one member of the company must soon succumb to his privations, and who that would be we all very well knew."

"And was the subject of these anticipations aware of them?"

"Yes; he knew that he was being *waited for*, if you *will* have it. But even if he had died, I think the captain would have done his best to avert what those poor wretches were planning. They were not to blame, however, in my opinion, though I did not share their views. On the forty-first day we sighted land. To give you an idea of our despondency, the 'watch below,' who were lying in the bottom of the boat, did not so much as stir. They had been disappointed so often by false alarms that they did not believe the good news. When it was made certain, however, our joy was beyond all bounds. One man even declared that the sight of those green hills was more welcome to him than a day's rations, which, under the circumstances, was surely an extravagant expression."

"But I am sure, Arthur," said Helen, seriously, "that you were not only glad, but grateful, when your deliverance thus came at last."

"Certainly, my dear Helen. But considering that the sky never wore a cloud the less on our account, nor the sea (on which the sun glinted as usual) a billow, I do contend that Nature—*your* Nature—is not a sympathetic personage as regards humanity."

"You might have proved, however, that Man was sympathetic," observed Adair, "if you had not chosen to leave out of your story that incident of the flying-fish."

"True; I forgot," said Tyndall. "When we had been in the boat thirty days a small flying-fish was caught; so very small that, like a prime number, it could not be divided at all, or certainly not among one-and-thirty people. So all agreed, since the captain had been pretty hard worked, that it should be given to him. It may seem a small thing to you, but it was a treasure more valuable than all the gold in Aladdin's cave would have been to whomsoever of us should have gained it; and of course we might have drawn lots for it, and each had his chance. The captain himself very properly pointed this out, and proposed a lottery; but the men—noble fellows that they were—all said— Shall I use their very words, Helen?"

"Oh *yes*," cried Helen, "by all means. Dear fellows, what *did* they say?"

"Well, they said they would see him damned first." Arthur rose from his seat, with a light laugh, and was passing out of the cabin, as though to avoid being questioned further, when Adair interposed with, "Ask him whether the captain took it, Miss Somers."

"Yes, he *did*," said Arthur—"took it like a shot; and there ends my story." And with that he walked forward, and began to question the man in charge of the rope as to their rate of speed.

"The story doesn't end quite there, at least as I have heard it from other lips," said Jack Adair, taking his friend's place by Helen's side.

"What was there more?" asked she.

"Oh, nothing, except that when the captain took it he only did so to give it away to the little lad, whom every body was expecting to die, but whom that little fish kept alive."

"How very, very noble of him!" exclaimed Helen, flushing up. "I should like to know that brave man's name."

"I can tell you," said Jack, in a proud whisper: "it was one Arthur Tyndall."

CHAPTER VII.

NEARING HOME.

NEVER had Helen so admired her lover as at that moment, when another hand thus pointed him out as the hero of his own story; her heart even warmed toward Jack, who was too plain-spoken to recommend himself to her good graces in a general way: she was somewhat spoiled and imperious, and though Arthur (as something told her) would not stand *that*, she liked other men to play at being her slaves. If Tyndall had not already obtained her willing "yes" in answer to his suit, he might have won it, at that moment, with even greater ease; and she almost regretted that she had it not again to give him. She wished that he would come in from his distant post beside the mast yonder, and hear from her own lips that she had found out—what he would fain have concealed from her—how nobly, generously, unselfishly he had behaved in those awful straits.

But Arthur Tyndall remained at the bow of the barge, sunk once more in those thoughts from which he had been roused to tell his story. He had been glad to tell it, not, indeed, because of the credit which it reflected upon himself—for, as we have seen, he had glossed over his own share in the matter, and was even now ignorant that it had been disclosed—but because it had occupied his mind, into which, wherever there was space, crowded regrets, remorse, forebodings. For the second time within five minutes he consulted his watch, then, with quite a spasmodic effort, put this commonplace question to the man beside him: "At the rate you say we are going, we ought to be at the *Fisher's Welcome* by six o'clock?"

"About that time, Sir; yes."

"I suppose they do a thriving trade there, as usual?"

"Yes, Sir; I should say a smart trade."

The boatman, like most of his class, was taciturn. If he had been a seaman, he would have had a yarn to tell about that inn which would have drawn out like copper wire; but being a fresh-water man, he only pulled at his pipe. There was one subject, as it happened, about which he could be eloquent enough, but it did not often turn up in conversation, being Ground-bait.

"Do you know the people hereabouts?" inquired Arthur, carelessly.

The man shaded his eyes from the sun, and gazed earnestly down the river, as though the population he hoped to recognize were "floating."

"Not many on 'em, Sir, I expects—yes, there's Mr. Crofts yonder for certain; and where he is, Mr. Baines ain't far off."

"I see nobody just here," said Arthur.

"No, Sir; but I knows them two gentlemen

are *hereabouts*. Look at that pole yonder with the green top. That's Mr. Croft's pole, I'll take my davey. There's a matter of three shillings of ground-bait—if there's a pen'worth—where that pole is. I call him the Champion Perch-fisher of the Thames; and so he is; a nice open-handed gentleman too; only, when any body else in the same boat chances to hook a bigger fish—oh lor!" A squirt of tobacco juice filled up the measure of admiration for which words could not be found.

"But Mr. Crofts doesn't live in this neighborhood, does he?"

"Well, no, Sir; he lives in London, I believe, when he ain't on the Thames, which is eight months out of twelve, however. I reckon he spends a hundred and fifty pounds a year upon worms and gentles, and such-like: reg'lar chucks 'em into the sea, as the saying is; or, leastways, it's the river. Sometimes he's here, and sometimes at Henley, and sometimes down our way. I don't know the people as *lives* here, except by name; that is, such as Lord Rowley, Squire Percival, and yourself, of course."

"You know old Jacob Renn, I suppose?"

Something had happened to the rope—the man's attention was wholly occupied for a while in getting it free from a snag. The time thus spent seemed to Arthur interminable, so impatient was he for the other's reply; and yet, on the other hand, the delay gave him a certain sense of respite. Perhaps he had been imprudent in asking this question, which he had restrained himself from putting to others for many a month, and which, if this fellow had forgotten, he made up his mind not to repeat.

"Old Jacob as used to have the *Welcome*? Oh yes, I know *him* well enough; him and his pretty gal. Jenny Wren, they called her, as perhaps you remember."

"Did they?" returned Tyndall. "I had forgotten that. I have not been at home for these five years. How long did you say it was since they left the *Welcome*?"

"Well, it must be three year come Michaelmas; which I remember by a very curious circumstance. I was out here fishing with Mister Crofts, and a friend of his as had never had a rod in his hand before; and I'm blessed if, just off that very inn, that young gentleman didn't hook a bigger perch than ever Mr. Crofts did in his life! What a way the old man was in, to be sure! oh lor! I think I can hear him now crying out to old Jacob Renn, upon the shore: 'You say it is time you gave up inn-keeping, but cuss me if it ain't time that I gave up *fishing*.'"

"Why don't you favor *us* with your conversation, Arthur?" cried a pleading voice from the cabin. "We have been for some time on as short an allowance of that as your shipwrecked friends were in the matter of turtle, and yet you seem to have a large store of words for others."

"You are very ungrateful," returned Tyndall, gayly. "I was only making inquiries about our rate of progress, so that I might be in a position to count the minutes till I should welcome you to Swansdale."

"Very pretty, but rather too elaborate," said Helen: "such a cloud of words is seldom used unless to conceal the truth. Come here, Sir, and confess your sins."

"I should have to invent them," replied Arthur, whose spirits had risen in a most unaccountable manner: "I have never committed but a peccadillo or two, which are not worth naming."

"Oh, I dare say! Mr. Adair and Mr. Allardyce, who know you, could tell quite another story, I suspect."

"Yes, yes, another story," cried Mrs. Somers, who had secretly been trying to wake for a considerable time, and imagined that the period had arrived for making such an opportune remark as would prove she had not been asleep at all. "They'll tell another story to oblige us, I'm sure."

With this the whole party made very merry, and urged by the old lady, whose energies were greatly recruited by her nap, the conversation became once more general.

"It is quite pleasant to see you yourself again, Arthur," said Helen, softly. "Shall I tell you, you naughty boy, what I had almost begun to think?"

"If it was nothing wrong," returned Arthur, comically, "tell me."

"Nay, but it *was* wrong, for it was doing you an injustice. I thought you had begun to regret, just the least bit in the world, that you had given me your heart."

"My darling, how *could* you?"

"Well, but I did, and I'll tell you why. It struck me that there was something on your mind—something in connection with the place we were coming to."

"I was thinking about the old home a bit, love. I have not been here, you know, since I was quite a boy."

"Yes; but I don't mean that, Sir. A man is not a cat, to be so devotedly attached to places."

Arthur frowned involuntarily. He disliked the petulant air which Helen was apt to assume upon slight occasion, and he disliked her words themselves. If he had in reality no very sentimental feelings with regard to his ancestral home, he did not wish to be told so, and especially when he had laid claim to the possession of them.

"It was a *person*, and not a place, Arthur, that I was afraid you were thinking about. 'Suppose,' said I to myself, 'I should find a rival down at Swansdale!'"

"Why, lor, Arthur, you look quite pale!" cried Mrs. Somers. "That's what comes of smoking so much with your back to the horse."

Arthur was deadly pale; and though he rallied himself with an effort and joined in the mirth the old lady's remark had occasioned, his laugh, to the quick ear of love, sounded forced and hollow.

"I am afraid I have made you angry, dear," whispered Helen, fondly. "I know I *do* sometimes; and I'm always sorry for it afterward. You are going to marry a very silly girl, I fear, and you will have to forgive her much. There, come, you have got your dear bright looks again. Why, of course, I was not serious; or, at least, only just a little. Is it possible I could think you so wicked as to love any body else? But there *is* a young woman, you know, and a very pretty one, not twenty miles from us at this moment, whom you used to flirt with a good deal in the old days. Oh, *I've* heard all about that, you naughty man!"

"And who told you?" inquired Arthur, straining his lips into a smile. He felt himself growing white again, and it seemed to him that the beating of his heart must needs be heard.

"Why, your friend, Mr. Adair, of course—Jack, as you call him—who else possesses your secrets? I protest I am quite jealous of that man."

"Jack Adair? Jack told you that I used to flirt with somebody down here? That's impossible."

"I didn't say she was always down here."

Arthur, who had been almost suffocated, began to breathe again, but still with difficulty, like one recovered from drowning by the Marshall Hall method.

"I said she was within twenty miles of us at the present moment.—Mr. Adair, here is Arthur pretending that he has forgotten his cousin Blanche is to meet us at the inn!"

"I am not astonished at his forgetting any body under the circumstances," said Jack, gallantly.

"Very good; I'll tell Blanche that," said Tyndall, mischievously.—"Now see Jack blush," he whispered.

And Jack did blush—from the sunburned rim of his neck to the roots of his curly brown hair, as he stammered out: "I was speaking of *you*, Tyndall: I did not say that the rest of the party might be excused from forgetting—"

"Well, *that's* not very complimentary to me—and mamma—you know," broke in Helen, pettishly.

"I beg to say Mr. Adair does not speak for *me*, ladies," observed Mr. Allardyce, bowing respectfully.

"No, no; Jack is speaking for himself," laughed Tyndall. "Ain't you, Jack?"

This was hard measure to his friend, to whose admiration of Miss Blanche Tyndall he was no stranger; but he owed Adair a grudge for the fright which Helen's words had given him, and the rebound of his own spirits was such that he was not quite so careful of the other's feelings as it was his wont to be. His cousin Blanche was wealthy, and Adair was poor, and the latter had always taken pains to conceal, so far as he could, the tenderness he entertained for her. He could have taken a great revenge upon Arthur had he chosen; but it never entered into his honest mind to do so. He was annoyed, however, and not being quick of speech where his feelings were concerned, though ready enough on other occasions, he remained silent. An uncomfortable pause ensued, during which Arthur felt the pangs of remorse.

"I suppose your cousin Blanche is a great heiress, is she not, Tyndall?" inquired Allardyce, carelessly.

"Certainly not an heiress, though her mother, it is true, has money. Even if our friends the bargees had cut the thread of my existence, in return for my attentions to their rope, she would have benefited nothing, since the Swansdale estate"—a sardonic smile flitted across Allardyce's features—"such as it is," added Tyndall, reddening, "is entailed upon heirs male. It would all go to my cousin Francis, the son of my father's youngest brother. Blanche and he and Uncle Magus are the only blood-relations that I possess."

"Uncle Magus? Why, that's no Christian name, surely!" ejaculated Mrs. Somers.

"No, madam, it is a surname," returned Arthur, dryly, "and borne by a very honorable man."

"It means a magician, my dear Mrs. Somers," whispered Allardyce—"probably the Eastern magician spoken of by Mr. Adair."

"And is *he* Arthur's uncle? Oh, my goodness!"

"Hush, yes; but Tyndall is no conjurer himself, you know—far from it."

"Well, that's a mercy, at all events. And does this Mr. Magus live in Egypt, Arthur?"

"In Egypt? No; he lives at Swansdale; and I hope to have the honor of introducing him to you this very evening."

"But your mother's name was Tyrone, I thought?" said Helen, rather alarmed for the antiquity of the race with which she was about to be allied.

"One of the most respectable families in Ireland, as I have always understood," added the dowager, raking her proposed son-in-law with her double eyeglass.

"Well, I don't know about its being 'respectable,'" laughed Arthur; "that is a matter of opinion; but it is certainly old enough to know how to behave itself; and yet the house of Tyrone is a fabric of yesterday compared with that of Magus."

"Came over with the Conqueror, of course," remarked Allardyce. "Norman William must have had a big ship."

"My dear Sir," answered Tyndall, compassionately, "Norman William was a mushroom compared with the first Magus. And this old fellow—a fine figure still, as straight as a pine, though he is over seventy, and six feet three in his stockings—is the last of his race."

"The longest and the last, eh?" laughed Allardyce. "You are alarming the ladies, my dear fellow, who now expect to meet a giant as well as a magician. If the country were a little more level, and if he chanced to be standing up, a grove of trees would not, I suppose, be an insuperable obstacle to seeing Uncle Magus from *here*." Mr. Allardyce rounded his hand, and, looking through it as though it were a spy-glass, exclaimed: "And, by Jove, there he is!"

"I don't believe it," cried Mrs. Somers, half incredulous, half hysterical. "Why, you wicked, story-telling man, that's a May-pole!"

"In that case," said Tyndall, "we are drawing near the *Fisher's Welcome*, for the pole—to show, I suppose, that there is bait there—stands in front of the inn."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE news of the death of Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, late Secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Chicago, will be received with great regret by his numerous friends and scientific associates. Dr. STIMPSON'S health has been quite precarious for several years past, making it necessary for him to proceed every winter to the warmer climate of Florida, and the past winter was spent by him in the same region. He was engaged in the earlier part of the season on board the United States Coast Survey steamer *Bache*, in superintending a series of dredgings between Cape San Antonio, Cuba, and the coast of Yucatan; and thence proceeding to Key West, he attempted to prosecute some deep-sea work in the waters between Florida and Cuba. This, however, was prevented by increasing ill health. Returning not long since to the residence of his father-in-law, near Baltimore, he became gradually worse, and died there on the 26th of May.

This is not the occasion for presenting a full account of Dr. STIMPSON'S life; but of his merits as a naturalist it is proper to say that he occupied the very first rank among American zoologists, especially in the department of marine invertebrates. For a time a pupil of Professor AGASSIZ at Cambridge, he made his first mark as a scientific author in 1851, in a work on the shells of New England, which was soon followed by a paper upon the marine invertebrates of Grand Menan, published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1853, and which is still a standard work on the zoology of the mouth of the Bay of Fundy.

Shortly afterward he was appointed zoologist to the North Pacific exploring expedition, first under Captain CADWALLADER RINGGOLD, and subsequently under Captain JOHN RODGERS. He was occupied in this service several years, and then returned and spent a number of years at Washington in the quiet prosecution of his investigations and the publication of their results.

When the late Mr. ROBERT KENNICOTT went to Alaska, in 1865, in the service of the Russian telegraph expedition, Dr. STIMPSON moved to Chicago to take charge of the general affairs of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and maintained that connection until his death. During that interval he visited Florida on several occasions, and always obtained numerous interesting collections for the academy.

As a scientific investigator Dr. STIMPSON occupied a very high rank for the thoroughness of his researches, and the clearness and accuracy of his descriptions, in these respects leaving nothing to be desired. No one, with the exception, perhaps, of Professor DANA, has described so many new species of marine animals as he.

The detailed accounts of his new species, forming a large number of valuable zoological monographs, with large numbers of illustrations, and nearly ready for publication, were unfortunately all destroyed by the Chicago fire, together with most of the types of his species—a calamity which of course affected him severely, and in all probability materially influenced the state of his health.

Among these works were synopses of the mollusca of the east coast of North America, and of the crustacea of both coasts, to be published by the Smithsonian Institution.

Dr. PACKARD presents his annual report (for 1871) upon the beneficial and injurious insects of the State to the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, under whose auspices he has been engaged, and remarks that the past year has been made noteworthy by the unusual abundance of two insects, comparatively strangers in the State, and which have made their appearance in sufficient numbers to produce very serious injury to crops. These are the onion thrips and the cabbage-web moth, which, with other species, are described at length in the pamphlet.

An interesting experiment in fish culture has lately been made in the North Sea by Professor RASCH, of the University of Christiania. The locality is a deep "fiord," or narrow gulf, running up into the land, over a mile in length, and at the end narrowing to the width of a large trench, which then opens out into a fine natural basin of salt-water of about 300 acres in extent, nearly as broad as long, with an average depth of forty feet. There is a free and continual flow of water from the sea through this narrow trench or inlet, with a regular ebb and flow, the difference between high and low water being only one foot, except in spring floods, and the water is quite as salt, or even salter than in the sea outside. In 1869, having acquired the exclusive right to the waters in this basin and its tributaries for three years, Professor RASCH constructed a fence in this inlet composed of strong posts driven firmly in the bottom, with twelve movable frames of galvanized wire netting stretched between. This does not prevent the ebb and flow of the tide, but effectually stops the outward passage of the fish. In the inclosure a hatching apparatus for salmon and sea-trout spawn was erected, connected with two small fresh-water ponds, the whole supplied with water from the same spring. After the proper time the young are turned into the basin. They are, however, fed in the fresh-water ponds, before being discharged, with fine chopped mussels (*Mytilus edulis*), of which there is an immense supply in the salt-water basin. Fresh-water gasteropods have also been introduced for a similar purpose. On account of this rich supply of food, the fry soon become strong, and grow with unusual rapidity.

The question as to salmon and sea-trout living and thriving without entering into the deep sea may be considered as answered in the affirmative as far as regards the trout; since last autumn sea-trout ascended one of the brooks from the salt-water basin, which had been closed nearly three years. These were in very fine condition, full of ova, and weighing from two pounds to four pounds. Professor RASCH has succeeded in producing a bastard variety of salmon and fresh-water trout (*Salmo fario*), which, being unfruitful, like all hybrids, is in fine condition, and grows to a large size, having at the same time a delicate flavor. He is now endeavoring to produce a hybrid of the salmon and sea-trout, and is very sanguine of success. The object is to have a new food fish which will be in fine condition and seasonable just at the time when the salmon and sea-trout are out of season and uneatable.

Supposing the problem to be solved in regard to the retention of salmon and sea-trout in inclosed salt-water basins, the question still remains as to the extent to which either will thrive if permanently penned up in large fresh-water lakes and cut off from communication with the sea. It is not at all improbable, however, that in the great lakes of our Northern border this feat may be accomplished, especially as many experienced fishermen are of the opinion that the Lake Ontario salmon, such as are bred at Mr. WILMOT'S establishment at Newcastle, are exclusively lacustrine. Should it be possible to stock Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron, and Lake Erie with salmon in addition to other food fishes, a very great benefit will be conferred upon the adjacent States.

The annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology for 1871 has made its appearance, and presents the usual satisfactory account of progress in the preceding twelve months. No institution of the kind in this country, and few any where, have so extensive and thoroughly organized a corps of scientific assistants (amounting to between thirty and forty) as that at Cambridge; and, with the immense amount of material constantly coming in, the result in greater part of Professor AGASSIZ'S indefatigable personal labors, supplemented by purchases of entire collections, it is not to be wondered at that the museum is rapidly occupying the foremost rank among such establishments.

Professor AGASSIZ, the director, calls attention to his expected absence from the country in the expedition of the *Hassler*, gives an account of the arrangements made temporarily to supply his place, and presents the special reports of the various assistants upon the work accomplished in 1871, and to be continued during the year 1872.

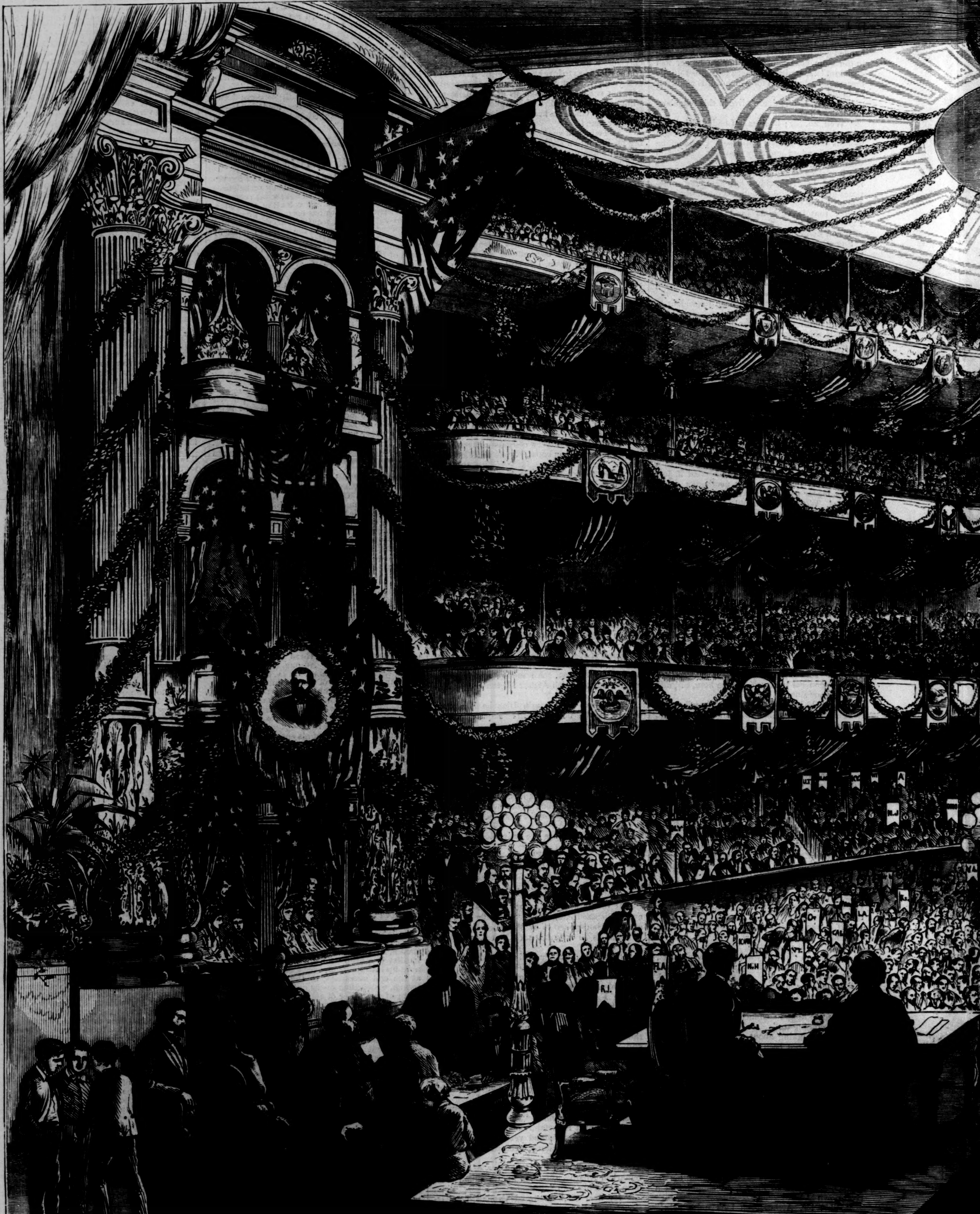
We learn by the report of the proceedings of the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of London, of April 22, that Great Britain does not feel inclined to allow the great powers of Europe and America to monopolize the problem of arctic exploration. A paper was read on the occasion referred to by Admiral SHERRARD OSBORNE, in which he remarks that an area of over 1,000,000 square miles is still unexplored around the region of the north pole, and that the route by way of Smith's Sound is still the only one by which a distance further than 80° north can be reached. The numerous expeditions on the part of the Germans and Swedes in the last few years have only shown, in Admiral OSBORNE'S opinion, that the outpour of ice from the north, between Greenland and the east, is so great that as to prevent a passage by that route. Land evidently lies to the north of Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla has been circumnavigated. The experiences of PAYER and WEYPRECHT during the last summer were thought to be very illusory, the advance made by them being comparatively unimportant.

The reasons for trying Smith's Sound again are three: first, the most advanced station toward the pole, 82°, has been reached in that way; second, explorations can easily be made from it toward the pole; third, it affords the largest guarantee for the safety of the people engaged in the expedition.

In these views Admiral OSBORNE was sustained by Sir GEORGE BACK and other experienced explorers, who seemed to be unanimous in preferring the Smith's Sound route. As this is the channel selected by Captain HALL for his polar exploration, these remarks form a very gratifying indorsement of the propriety of the American enterprise.

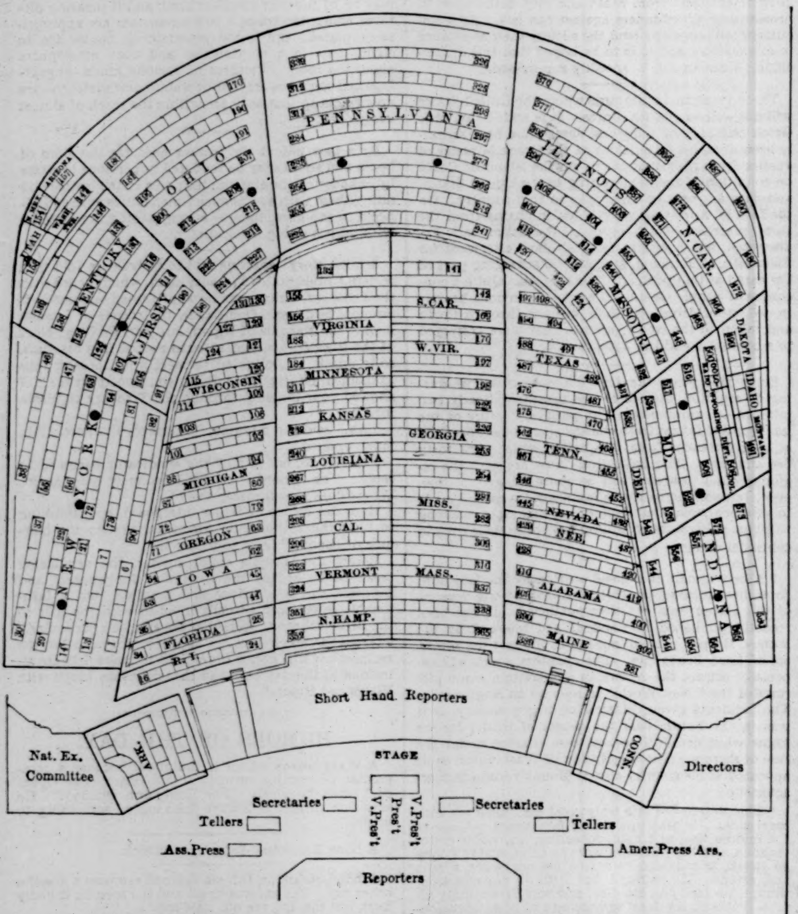
Dr. HOOKER, at the same meeting, referred to the botanical interest that would attach to the further researches into the arctic flora. The examination of fossil arctic plants has shown that at one time there were between fifty and sixty kinds of large trees growing in these regions; among them species of elm, oak, plane, pine, maple, etc. These flourished during the miocene period, when probably a different day and night existed from what we have at present. The flora now is extremely meagre, embracing only about 300 flowering plants, these being well-known species, inhabiting the whole circumpolar region, and extending southward along the Rocky Mountains. Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK thought that the interval since any arctic exploration had been prosecuted by Great Britain was so great that there were no officers now fitted to take the command, and urged the propriety of an expedition for the purpose of serving as a training school in reference to the antarctic expedition for the observation of the transit of Venus in 1874. He thought that unless something of this kind were initiated very soon, it would be difficult to organize properly such an expedition as the last mentioned. He was, therefore, in favor of arctic expeditions any where, and especially in the direction of the north pole. Dr. CARPENTER was especially interested in the proposed expedition, in view of the probable results in regard to ocean currents and deep-sea temperatures.

A very vigorous society has recently been formed in Italy, under the name of the Society of Italian Spectroscopists, whose special object is to collate and compare observations made simultaneously at the different Italian observatories on the spots, protuberances, and faculae of the sun, especially with the spectroscope, so as to arrive at a more accurate knowledge of the scientific value of these phenomena. The society has already published three numbers of its memoirs, containing most valuable papers and records of observations by SECCHI, RESPIGHI, TACCHINI, and other eminent Italian astronomers.



PHILADELPHIA—THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN SESSION IN THE A

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, JUNE 5, 1872.—From Sketches by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 474.]



FLOOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY OF MUSIC, SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE DELEGATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA.

This week the City of Brotherly Love is the centre of interest for America and Europe, and *Harper's Weekly*, always foremost in purveying for popular demands, lays before its readers, in a large supplementary sheet, a magnificent bird's-eye view of the city, a double-page illustration showing the interior of the Academy of Music during the session of the Republican Convention, a diagram defining the position of the several delegations in the Academy, and a view of Broad Street, showing the Academy of Music, Horticultural Hall, the Union League building, and the Masonic Temple. The bird's-eye view has been so carefully drawn, lettered, and engraved that a stranger with its assistance could find his way about the city with the greatest ease. The names of the parks, streets, and most prominent buildings are clearly engraved, as well as those of places of interest in the suburbs. In examining this map-picture the spectator is supposed to occupy an elevated position above and a little to the eastward of Smith's and the Windmill islands, in the Delaware River. These islands, popularly known as "the newsboys' Cape May," are a favorite picnic resort of the working-people of Philadelphia. The channel between them, originally a shallow depression, has been dredged out and walled, to afford a passage for ferry-boats and other craft. The buildings of the Navy-Yard are shown on the extreme left. The view embraces a water-line on the Delaware of about three miles. Beyond the Schuylkill River the eye rests on various cemeteries, the Almshouse, Fairmount, and other places of interest. Laurel Hill Cemetery, of which the *Weekly* some months ago gave a beautiful illustration, is shown in the upper right-hand corner, on the east bank of the river.

The double-page illustration exhibits the interior of the Academy of Music during the session of the Convention, the position of each State delegation being indicated by a banner bearing the name of the State. The view is taken from the stage, on which are seated the president, vice-presidents, secretaries, and tellers. The parquet and a portion of the parquet circle are occupied by the delegates. The Academy is tastefully adorned with flags. Over the proscenium box on the right hangs the portrait of Lincoln, over that on the left the portrait of Grant. Directly in front of the president's desk is a medallion of Washington, decorated with flowers. A new proscenium drop, painted by Russell Smith expressly for the occasion, displays the civic triumphs of President Grant's administration. By the aid of this picture and the diagram at the head of this article the visitor can ascertain the position of each delegation.

Our view of Broad Street, on page 476, one of the most magnificent avenues in the city, is taken a little to the south of Horticultural Hall, which adjoins the Academy of Music, and is connected with that building by a tasteful system of decoration. It will be used during the session of the Convention as a place of meeting for committees and caucuses. Beyond the Academy, on the left of our illustration, is shown the Union League House; further still, on the right, the Masonic Temple. The Horticultural Hall, the Academy, and the Union League House are profusely decorated with flags.

Aside from the political interest of this great gathering of the accredited representatives of the Republican party, the city of Philadelphia offers many points of attraction to strangers. While it lacks the picturesque irregularity and general derangement of streets and avenues which both annoy and amuse a stranger in Boston, Philadelphia charms all visitors by the general cleanliness of its thoroughfares, the air of substantial comfort and well-to-doness every where observable, the splendor of its public edifices, the beauty of its suburbs, and its interesting colonial and Revolutionary memorials. Few cities in the world are more delightfully situated; in front, a broad, deep, and beautiful river, from which it extends back to the Schuylkill, and beyond it into rural districts of the most lovely and picturesque character. No wonder its illustrious founder wrote of it, in 1683, in terms of enthusiasm which even Quaker sobriety did not cool. "Of all places in the world," he says, "I remember not one better seated." And again he describes the site as a spot "that seems to have been appointed for a town, whether we regard the rivers, or the conveniency of the coves, docks, springs, the loftiness and soundness of the land and the air." In founding the colony of Pennsylvania, the project of a great city, which in time might rival the capitals of the Old World in magnificence, greatness, and opulence, was always uppermost in Penn's mind. One of his first acts after receiving the grant of his province from Charles II. was to send over a corps of engineers to make surveys for this purpose; and it is a singular fact that his first plan included a tract nearly as extensive as the space included within the limits of the modern city. With a far-sighted comprehension of events, which seemed preposterous to other men, he projected a metropolis, laying it out in the broad streets and squares which have given it a character of its own among American cities. The earliest surveys were made in 1682, when great numbers of colonists, most of whom were Friends, and nearly all persons of character and property, made their home there. In that year twenty-three ships arrived from the Old World with emigrants, and within three years 600 houses were erected. From the very first it prospered. Owing to the just and peaceful policy pursued toward the aboriginal possessors of the soil, the inhabitants were spared those devastating and cruel wars from which other colonists suffered; nor were they subjected to distresses from severity of climate, want of food, or other evils which hindered the prosperity of so many settlements in the New World. Its history justified the name which Penn bestowed upon it as a prophecy and benediction.

Rapidly springing into importance under his wise policy, Philadelphia early became the most considerable and prosperous city of America. It held this position during the whole of our colonial history, and for twenty-five years after the Declaration of Independence maintained this superiority. President Jackson's veto of the bill for the recharter of the Bank of the United States established there, and the subsequent failure of the bank under its State charter, in 1839, struck a heavy blow at the financial prosperity of Philadelphia, and from that time New York became the commercial and monetary centre of America.

Many interesting relics and memorials of colonial and Revolutionary times remain in Philadelphia. There may still be seen the house erected for Penn, in which he lived in 1682, on his first visit to his colony. It is called "Penn's Cottage," and stands in Letitia Court. There was also another, known as the "slate-roofed house," at the corner of Second Street and Norris Alley, where he resided during his second visit in 1700. Four years ago this building was torn down, and the site is now occupied by what is known as the "Anthracite Building." Still more interesting is the famous "Liberty Bell," now preserved in Independence Hall. It was cast in Philadelphia, weighs 2080 pounds, and bears the motto, from Leviticus, xxv. 10, "*Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.*" The history of this bell is interesting. In 1752 a bell for the State-house was imported from England. On the first trial-ringing it was cracked. It was recast the following year under the direction of Isaac Norris, then Speaker of the Colonial Assembly. Beneath this very bell the representatives of the old Thirteen Colonies "proclaimed liberty," and when the debate was ended, and the glorious result announced on the 4th of July, 1776, its iron tongue sounded forth the glad tidings to the expectant multitudes. Its tone has been destroyed by a crack which extends from the lip to the crown, passing directly through the names of the persons who cast it. An attempt was made to restore the tone by sawing the crack wider, but without success; and now, removed from the steeple in which it hung for so many years, it rests upon a table in Independence Hall, among other relics of the early times. There may be seen two antique mahogany chairs, covered with red leather, one of which was used by Hancock as president, and the other by Charles Thomson as secretary of Congress when the Declaration of Independence was adopted. On the walls hang two fine portraits, one a full length of William Penn, by Henry Inman, the other one of Lafayette, by Thomas Sully. Those who delight in relics may pause with reverence before a piece of stone which is said to be a fragment of the very door-step of the balcony in the rear of the State-house, on which John Nixon stood, on the 8th of July, 1776, and read the immortal Declaration to the people.

The public buildings of Philadelphia are numerous and conspicuous for architectural merit. Among them may be mentioned the Girard Bank, the Custom-house, the United States Mint, Girard College, the Academy of Music, the Union League House, Horticultural Hall, the Masonic Temple, and the old Pennsylvania Bank. The principal material used in the public buildings is marble, which gives them a substantial and enduring appearance. Among the ecclesiastical structures there is Christ Church, celebrated in early colonial times; St. Peter's, also of historical interest; the West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, and the Catholic Cathedral. The city boasts of several very fine libraries. The Philadelphia Library, founded by Franklin, which is open daily from sunrise to sunset, and which is free to strangers; the Mercantile and Athenæum libraries are large and well selected; and the University of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Hospital, and other institutions possess large and excellent libraries. Its medical colleges are justly celebrated. The most interesting educational institution in the city is Girard College, a free school for orphans, founded by the munificence of Stephen Girard, and placed under the guardianship of the city. On leaving, every pupil must be apprenticed to a trade or profession. The revenue of the college is derived from an estate called the Girard Trust, and the surplus goes to the improvement of the city and to some charities of minor importance.

Philadelphia supports nineteen daily newspapers, three tri-weeklies, two semi-weeklies, forty-four weeklies, forty-four monthlies, five semi-monthlies, and three quarterlies. In general the newspapers are edited with enterprise and ability, and several of the more important possess fine establishments. The splendid edifice from which the *Public Ledger* is issued is probably one of the most complete and conveniently arranged structures of the kind in the United States. The establishment of the Messrs. Lippincott is also very extensive, and well deserving of a visit.

The hotel accommodations of Philadelphia are unsurpassed by those of any city in the country; and the most ample and liberal arrangements have been made for the entertainment of the several delegations to the Convention, and of the thousands of other visitors drawn thither by their interest in the proceedings.

We have not the space in this article to mention in detail, or even to allude to, all the objects of interest to a stranger visiting Philadelphia; but with our map-picture as a guide, and aided by the suggestions here given, he should be able to find his way about the city with little difficulty, and it will be his own fault should he miss any thing worth a sight-seer's attention.

GENERAL TACON'S JUDGMENT.

Since the Pearl of the Antilles has adorned the Spanish crown the island of Cuba has always been governed by a captain-general, a mighty personage, invested with much the same power of authority as that of a monarch in some countries, and, like a king, could not possibly do any thing that was wrong. The Cubans have seldom had reason to be grateful to Spain for the rulers she has appointed over them, because these have been usually selected rather on the score of influence than capacity or merit. There is, however, on record at least one captain-general whose name is held in esteem by the Cuban people on account of the good he effected during his short reign in Havana. Captain-General Tacon established some degree of safety for the inhabitants by introducing new laws, and by severely punishing certain social offenses which his predecessors had rather overlooked, if they did not themselves set the example. It is said of Tacon that, like Alfred the Great, he promised the Cubans that they should be able to cast their purses on the public pavements, and yet find them there again after many days. Stories are current in Cuba of the general's singular mode of administering justice, which in many cases partook of an originality somewhat whimsical of i kind. The most popular story of this sort is t at of the cigar girl of Havana, told to the traveler by those who were living in Cuba during General Tacon's administration.

The writer of this paper has gathered the facts of this very romantic tale, which he now offers to the reader, in the following form:

Miralda Estalez was remarkable alike for the beauty of her person and the excellence of her tobacco. She kept a cigar shop in Havana, in the Calle del Comercio; a narrow street, with a foot-path scarcely wider than an ordinary curb-stone. It was the veriest section of a shop, without a front of any kind; presenting from the street side much the same appearance as a burned-out dwelling would exhibit, or a theatrical scene viewed by an audience. During the hot hours of the day a curtain was suspended before the shop to ward off the powerful rays of the sun, under whose influence the delicate goods within might otherwise be prematurely dried, while the effects would be equally detrimental to their fair vendor. The easy mode of egress, assisted by the narrow curb-stone, together with many attractions within the shop, tempted many passers to drop in for a chat and a cigar. There was a little counter, with little pyramidal heaps of cigarette packets and cigars of the genuine Havana brand distributed upon it. Affixed to a wall at the back was a glass show-case, fitted with shelves like a book-case, and laden with bundles of the precious leaves, placed like volumes side by side, and bound in bright yellow ribbon. Although Miralda was visited from morning till night by every kind of male, black and brown, as well as white, nothing was ever said against the virtue of the young tobacconist.

Like the cigars she sold, Miralda was of "Calidad superior;" and, in the same manner, age had rather improved her quality than otherwise, for it had ripened her into a charming full-grown woman of sixteen tropical summers. Some merit was due to Miralda for the virtuous life she led; for, besides the temptations to which she was daily and hourly subjected, she was quite alone in the world, her parents, brothers, and sisters being dead. Miralda naturally found many admirers among her numerous customers; she, however, made no distinction with them, but had a bright smile and a kind word for all who favored her with their praises and their patronage. One alone, perhaps, held a place nearer her heart than all others. This was Pedro Mantanez, a fine young boatman employed in the harbor near the Morro Castle. Pedro was of good white parentage, though one would not have judged so from the color of his skin, which, from long exposure to the sun and the weather, had turned a pale coffee-color. Pedro loved Miralda fondly, and she was by no means averse to the handsome creole. But the pretty tobacconist was in no hurry to wear the matrimonial chains. The business, like herself, was far from old-established, and she thought in her capacity of a married woman the attractions of her shop would diminish by at least one-half, while her patrons would disappear in the same ratio. Miralda once made her lover a promise that she would marry him as soon as he should have won a prize in the lottery; for, with his savings, this would enable Pedro to have a share in her business as well as in her happiness. So once a month Pedro invested a doubloon in lottery tickets; but, as he never succeeded in winning a prize, he failed to wed the pretty tobacconist. Still the young boatman continued to drop anchor at the cigar shop as often as his spare time would allow; and as the fond couple always conducted themselves with the strictest propriety, their engagement remained a secret.

Now Pedro Mantanez had a rival, and, to a certain extent, a formidable one. The Count Almante was a noble of Spanish birth, and an officer by profession. He was one of those fortunate gentlemen who, from no inherent talent or acquired ability, had been sent from the mother country to enrich himself in her prosperous colony. Besides his wealth, which report described as ill-gotten, he gloried in the reputation of being a gay cavalier in Havana, and a great favorite with the creole ladies. It was his boast that no girl beneath him in station had been yet known to reject any offer he might propose; and he would sometimes lay wagers with his associates that the lady whom he had newly honored with his admiration would, at a given time, stand entered in his book of amours as a fresh conquest. To achieve any particular object the count would never allow any thing, human or otherwise, to stand in his path; and by reason of his wealth, his nobility, and his influence with the authorities, his crimes were numerous and his punishments few, if any.

It happened that the last señorita who had taken Count Almante's fancy was Miralda Estalez. The count spent many hours and many pesetas at the pretty tobacconist's counter, where, we may be sure, he used his most persuasive language to attain his very improper purpose. Accustomed to have pretty things poured into her ears by a variety of admirers, Miralda regarded the count's addresses with indifference; and, while behaving with her wonted amiability of manner, gave him neither encouragement nor motive for pressing his suit. One evening the count lingered at the cigar shop longer than custom allows, and, under the pretence of purchasing and smoking more cigars, remained until the neighboring shops were closed and

the streets were deserted. Alone with the girl, and insured against intruders, Count Almante ventured to disclose his unworthy passion. Among other things, he said:

"If you will love me and live with me I will give you as many golden onzas as you require, and I will place at your disposal another and a better shop in the suburbs of the Cerro, where you can carry on your business as before."

The Cerro was situated near the count's palace. Miralda said nothing in reply, but, looking the count steadily in the face, gave him the name of another shop where, she informed him, he would obtain better cigars than those she sold.

Heedless of the significance of her remark, which he attributed to shyness, Almante rose from where he had been seated, and, approaching the girl, endeavored to place his arm round her waist. Ever guarded against the casualties of insult, Miralda retreated a step, and at the same moment drawing a small dagger from the folds of her dress, warned the count not to touch her. Balked in his design, Almante withdrew, assuring the girl, with a smile, that he did but jest; but as he left the shop he bit his lip and clinched his fist with evident disappointment.

When Pedro heard of what had happened his indignation was great, and he resolved to take summary vengeance; but Miralda begged him not to be precipitate, as she had now no fear of further molestation from the count; and as days elapsed, and Almante had not resumed his visits, it seemed apparent that he had taken Miralda's advice and transferred his custom elsewhere.

One evening, as Miralda was about closing her shop for the night, a party of soldiers halted before her door. The commanding officer entered, and, without a word, presented to the astonished tobacconist a warrant for her arrest. Knowing that it was useless to disobey any officer in the employ of the captain-general, Miralda signified her readiness to accompany the military escort, who, accordingly, placed her in their midst, and conducted her through the streets in the direction of the prison. But, instead of halting here, the party continued their march until they had reached the confines of the city. Miralda's courage now deserted her, and, with tears in her eyes, she appealed to the officer in command.

"Por la Virgen Santisima!" she exclaimed, "let me know where I am being taken to."

"You will learn when you get there. Our orders strictly forbid us to make any explanation," was the only reply she obtained.

Miralda was not long in learning the worst. Very shortly her escort halted before Count Almante's castle, in the neighborhood of the Cerro, and, having entered the court-yard of that building, the fair captive was conducted tremblingly into a chamber elegantly fitted up for her reception. After waiting here a few minutes in painful suspense, an inner door was thrown open, and Count Almante stood before her. The scene which then followed may be better imagined than described. We may be sure that the count used every effort in order to prevail upon his prisoner, but without success. Miralda's invariable response was a gleam of her dagger, which never left her hand from the first moment of entering the odious building. Finding that mild measures would not win the pretty tobacconist, the count, as is usual under such circumstances with persons of his nature, threatened her with violence; and he would, doubtless, have carried out his threat if Miralda had not anticipated him by promising to relent and become his if her persecutor would allow her one short week to reconsider her determination. Deceived by the girl's assumed manner, Almante acceded to her desire, and agreed to wait the prescribed days. Miralda, however, felt assured that before their expiration her lover would discover her whereabouts, and by some means effect her release. She was not disappointed. Miralda's sudden disappearance was soon made known to Pedro Mantanez, who, confident that his beloved had fallen into the count's clutches, determined to obtain access to Almante's palace. For this purpose he assumed the dress of a monk; and his face being unknown at the castle, he easily obtained an entry, and afterward an interview with Miralda herself. The girl's surprise and joy at beholding her lover were unbounded. In his strong embrace she became oblivious of her sorrows, confident that the young boatman would now conduct her speedily into a harbor of refuge. She was not mistaken. Pedro sought and obtained an audience with General Tacon. The general was, as usual, immersed in public affairs; but being gifted with the enviable faculties of hearing, talking, and writing at the same moment, merely glanced at his applicant, and desired him to tell his story. Pedro did as he was desired, and when he had concluded, Tacon, without raising his eyes from the papers over which he appeared intently engaged, made the following inquiry,

"Is Miralda Estalez your sister?"

"No, su excelencia, she is not," replied Pedro.

"Your wife, perhaps?" suggested the general.

"She is my betrothed."

General Tacon motioned the young man to approach, and then directing a look to him which seemed to read him through, held up a crucifix, and bade him swear to the truth of all that he had stated. Pedro knelt, and taking the cross in both hands, kissed it and made the oath required of him. Having done so, the general pointed to an apartment, where he desired Pedro to wait until he was summoned. Aware of the brief and severe manner in which General Tacon dealt with all social questions, Pedro Mantanez left the august presence in doubt whether his judge would decide for or against his case. His suspense was not of long duration. In an hour or so one of the governor's guards entered, ushering in Count Almante and his captive lady. The general received the new-comers in the same manner as he had received the young boatman. In a tone of apparent indifference he addressed the count as follows:

"If I am not mistaken you have abused your authority by effecting the abduction of this girl?"

"I confess I have done so," replied the count, in a tone intended to assimilate that of his superior; "but," he continued, with a conciliatory smile, "I think that the affair is of such a nature that it need not occupy the attention of your excellency."

"Well, perhaps not," said his judge, still busy over the documents before him. "I simply wish to learn from you, upon your word of honor, whether any violence has been used toward the girl."

"None whatever, upon my honor," replied Almante, "and I am happy in believing that none will be required."

"Is the girl already yours, then?"

"Not at present," said the count, with a supercilious smirk, "but she has promised to become mine very shortly."

"Is this true?" inquired the captain-general, for the first time raising his eyes, and turning to Miralda, who replied,

"My promise was made only with a view to save myself from threatened violence."

"Do you say this upon your oath?"

"Upon my oath I do!"

The general now ordered Pedro Mantanez to appear, and then carefully interrogated the lovers upon their engagement. While doing so he wrote a dispatch and handed it to one of his guards. When the latter had departed Tacon dispatched a messenger in quest of a priest and a lawyer. When these arrived the general commanded the priest to perform the ceremony of marriage between Miralda Estalez and Count Almante, and bid the lawyer prepare the necessary documents for the same purpose.

The count, who had already expressed his vexation at what promised to be an attempt to deprive him of his new favorite by allying her with the boatman, was horrified when he heard what the governor's mandate really was. His indignation was extreme, and he endeavored to show how preposterous such an alliance would be by reminding the general of his noble birth and honorable calling. Pedro was equally disappointed at being thus dispossessed of his betrothed, and appealed to Tacon's generosity and sense of right. Miralda remained speechless with astonishment, but with the most perfect reliance in the wisdom of her judge. Meanwhile, in spite of all remonstrances, the marriage was formally celebrated, and Miralda Estalez and Count Almante were man and wife. The unhappy bridegroom was then requested to return to his palace in the Cerro, while his bride and her late lover were desired to remain.

Upward of an hour had passed since the count's departure, and nothing further transpired. The governor had resumed his business affairs, and appeared, as before, utterly unconscious of all present. He was, however, shortly interrupted by the appearance of the guard whom he had dispatched with his missive.

"Is my order executed?" inquired the general, looking up for a moment only.

"Si, mi general, it is," replied the guard. "Nine bullets were fired at the count as he rode round the corner of the street mentioned in your dispatch."

Tacon then ordered that the marriage and death of Count Almante should be given every publicity, and that legal steps should be taken for the purpose of showing that the property and name of the defunct were inherited by his disconsolate widow. When the general's commands had been fulfilled, and a decent period after the count's demise had transpired, it need scarcely be added that Pedro Mantanez married the countess, with whom he lived happily ever after.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"ALUTE" is the name of the lady whom fate and the Chinese powers have selected for the supreme honor of being the wife of his Imperial Majesty, the boy-Emperor of China. She is a Mongol by descent; and as empresses in that celestial country are said to be chosen "for their personal qualities solely," we are led to infer that "Alute" possesses some valuable qualities of that nature, but we are not informed precisely what they are. The young emperor is now seventeen years old, according to the Chinese mode of reckoning, which calls a baby one year old as soon as it is born. October is fixed upon as the happy month, and the Astronomical Board have been ordered to select a lucky day for the celebration of the marriage. When this important event has taken place it will not be long before the emperor will assume the reins of government; and then it is expected that a matter of political importance, quite outside of his domestic relations, will be brought to his consideration. This is the reception of foreign embassadors to audience, as representatives of sovereigns and countries, as friendly equals. China has regarded herself as the superior country, and has claimed for her emperor peculiar homage. The new sovereign, it is to be hoped, will meet intelligently and solve satisfactorily the problems which this progressing age will present to him.

A society which has for its object the suppression of obscene literature has been in existence a few months, and has already accomplished much good. It is composed of about seventy-five influential gentlemen of this city, who are desirous of putting an end to this unlawful and demoralizing traffic. It is their intention to establish branch societies all over the country, and to use every endeavor to have the laws on this subject carried into effect. In 1868 stringent laws were passed in New York, but they have been, as it were, a dead letter. The country has been flooded with immoral books, pictures, and circulars. Our colleges and seminaries of learning have been invaded by them, and the youth corrupted. The society has been promised all necessary assistance from the United States government, and from State and city authorities, in prosecuting all offenders against the law. All good citizens will cordially lend the society their assistance in this matter; and it is to be hoped that this demoralizing business will be speedily suppressed.

There are some immigrants whom the United States will not welcome to its shores. It is stated that nine Greek criminals of the worst description have recently been liberated by a decree of the Greek Minister of Justice from the penal colony on the island of Corfu on condition of their emigrating to the United States, and they are now on their way to this country. On the 24th of April they were taken in chains from the stone quarries of Corfu on board the Italian bark *Agamemnon*, which was to sail two days afterward for Falmouth, in England, and, after discharging part of her cargo at that port, for New Orleans. Quite a concourse of people assembled as these convicts, heavily ironed, were driven by their keepers through Corfu and taken to the wharf, whence they were conveyed in a boat on board the *Agamemnon*.

Since 1794, when the top of Vesuvius fell in during an eruption, the crater has measured nearly two miles in circumference. The peculiar feature of the late eruption is that fresh chasms opened unexpectedly at long distances from this crater, which sent forth fire and lava. The indications now are that the region around Vesuvius will be more dangerous than ever; but so long as the mountain-sides can be made to produce such abundant crops of grapes, so long will vine cultivators be willing to expose their lives to continual danger.

"Albert Lunel" is a novel written by the late Lord Brougham in the year 1844; but, for private reasons of the author, was not then published. It has been recently published in London, and reissued by the Messrs. Harper. It will not fail to interest the admirers of Lord Brougham. The chapters which will especially attract the American eye contain some pictures of the "New World" as seen by an Englishman. The incidents given, illustrating negro slavery as it was in the South, bear the aspect of truth; for we know what dreadful scenes were enacted under the rule of slavery. The description of Washington as he appeared at his country-seat at Mount Vernon is characteristic:

"The presence of this truly great man filled me with reverence. He was upward of fifty years old, above the middle size, of a mild, reflecting, and noble countenance, and his manners were as calm, and if I may so speak, as majestic as suited his character, simple and serene. He engaged but little in conversation, though perfectly at his ease, and was exceedingly affable without the least appearance of condescension. There was something at once benevolent and decided in the expression of his mouth, but I never once observed him to smile. His eyes were intelligent, but with no fire; and although he is known to be a man of vehement temper, it is still better known that he has this temper under strict and habitual control."

The oldest living Methodist minister is Rev. Henry Boehm, who is ninety-two years old. He has been seventy-one years in the itinerant ministry, but now resides on Staten Island, most tenderly cared for by affectionate kindred. He was present at the recent General Conference.

Polar expeditions continue popular. Captain Hall is doubtless still pursuing his way. An expedition will sail in June from Bremerhaven, under the command of Weyprecht and Payer, the German lieutenants whose investigations in the polar sea last year excited so much interest. The Austrian government has contributed $87,000 to this expedition, and the emperor has made liberal additions. The Swedish government has projected an ice expedition, to advance on sledges north from Spitzbergen. Fifty reindeer are now being trained for it. There is also another German expedition projected by way of East Greenland.

Mr. Smiles's "Self-Help" has been translated into Japanese under the title of "European Decision of Character Book." The translator, Mr. Nakamura Keitaro, received his education at King's College, London, and on his departure for the East had a copy of Mr. Smiles's work given him. So enamored with it was he that on his return he received a license to print it, and it has been published by Kibira Kerrichiro, at the town of Shidzoka, in the province of Suruga.

Many American travelers have this spring fallen victims to the fatal influence of the malaria that pervades Rome—that fascinating city. Three gentlemen from New England recently died at Florence, whither they were brought after contracting the Roman fever.

"Vesuvius" is the title of a recent work which contains some interesting data concerning earthquakes. According to this authority, in the fourth century there were 21; in the fifth, 25; in the sixth, 31; in the seventh, 10; in the eighth, 11; in the ninth, 36; in the tenth, 17; in the eleventh, 51; in the twelfth, 68; in the thirteenth, 55; in the fourteenth, 58; in the fifteenth, 41; in the sixteenth, 110; in the seventeenth, 180; in the eighteenth, 680; in the nineteenth, 925.

Madame Adelina Patti must possess a stock of jewels rivaling that of some of the crowned heads of Europe. The latest addition to the prima donna's mementos of her Russian successes is a splendid emerald, surrounded by solitaires, presented to her by the emperor. The value of the stones is estimated at 15,000 rubles.

Charcoal, applied to rose-bushes, has the effect of deepening the color of the flowers. It has not the same effect upon all flowers, but is a useful fertilizer. It should be finely pulverized.

It is quite the fashion nowadays to attribute all the eccentricities of the weather to the singular spots which have been discovered upon the face of old Sol. The truth is, we know very little about the sun-spots. Some scientists believe they have an effect upon the earth, and others are of opinion that they exert no influence. Our knowledge of the subject is very slight.

Two South-Sea Islanders, natives of the island of Lefuga, have recently married two English women at Queensland. The bridegrooms, who have something of an education, intend to return immediately to their island home with their brides.

Nothing makes a parlor more attractive than tasteful pictures on the walls. Costly carpets, curtains, and furniture there may be in profusion, but the room looks desolate if the walls are bare. A great show of wealth does not make a pleasant parlor, unless artistic taste has been exercised. But the furniture of a room may be of the very simplest kind, and if pleasing pictures adorn the walls, a few ornaments are appropriately placed, and some entertaining books are in sight, there is a comfortable and cozy atmosphere about the room. Pictures of various kinds—engravings and chromos, crayons or water-color sketches—are now so cheap that they are within the reach of almost every one.

By a new patent the leather used for the sides of boots and shoes may be rendered impervious to water by exhausting the air from the pores of the leather and filling them with a substance which unites with and adheres to the fibre, thereby strengthening the material without impairing its elasticity.

A good story—and one said to be true—is told of a certain United States Treasury clerk, who lunched with the Prince of Wales when he went abroad on some government business. One day in the streets of London he met the Marquis of Ripon, late Earl De Grey, chief of the High Joints, and at once rushed into his arms, so to speak. "Delighted to meet your lordship," he exclaimed, effusively. "Don't you remember me? I showed your lordship through the Treasury at Washington."

"Ah," said the marquis, "charmed, I'm sure. Ah, much obliged."

"Not at all, not at all," the syndicator hastened to reply: "no trouble. So glad to meet you again. Where does your lordship live?"

Here the Prince of Wales interposed, and, thinking to bluff the enthusiastic American, said to the Marquis of Ripon, "Let's go to lunch."

Before the marquis could answer, the syndicator hastened to accept the invitation for himself, and followed the two, prince and marquis, into a fashionable resort, and actually lunched with the heir to the British throne. Whether the said heir particularly enjoyed the lunch does not appear in the tale; but the recipient of this honor never fails to make delicate allusions to the day he "had that delicious lunch with Wales and Ripon."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A WASHINGTON editor is indignant because a compositor headed his editorial "The Champagne Opened," when he wrote "The Campaign Opened." He says that printer is always thinking of something to drink.

A NICE BUSINESS—Polar expeditions.

A hand-car on an Illinois railroad ran over a dog the other day. The car was upset and the men on it badly hurt, but the dog ran off, howling.

THE BEST INN FOR A POET—Inspiration.

A law of Pennsylvania makes the taking of money at the door of a theatre on Sunday illegal, wherefore it is invariably taken at the window.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago Rev. Charles G. Finney, now president of Oberlin College, was carrying on a system of revival meetings in some Eastern city—Boston, we think. One day a gentleman called to see him on business. Mr. Finney's daughter, perhaps five years old, answered his ring. "Is your father in?" asked the stranger. "No," replied the demure maiden; "but walk in, poor dying sinner! Mother can pray for you."

Belles call a great many people to church.

Little Ruth wanted to join her papa in a long walk. "It is too far for you—you will get tired," said her papa. "Oh no, I won't," said Ruth, confidently; "but if I do, I can go hippity-hop, you know."

DIVERS AMUSEMENTS—Pearl fishing.

A Welsh clergyman applied to his diocesan for a living. The bishop promised him one; but as the clergyman was taking his leave he expressed hopes that his lordship would not send him to the interior of the principality, as his wife could not speak Welsh. "Your wife, Sir!" said the bishop; "what has your wife to do with it? She does not preach, does she?" "No, my lord," said the parson, "but she lectures."

A bore meeting Douglas Jerrold, said, "Well, what's going on to-day?" "I am," exclaimed Jerrold, darting past the inquirer.

"I hope you have no objection to my getting weighed?" said a husband to his wife. "Certainly not, my dear; but why ask the question?" "Only to see, my love, if you would allow me to have my weigh for once."

Why was Pharaoh's daughter like a successful stock-broker in a money panic?—Because she got a little prophet from the rushes on the banks.

TAKING IN SAIL—A mock auction.

Said a youngster in high glee, displaying his purchase to a bosom friend on the sidewalk: "Two coca-nuts for ten cents; that will make me sick to-morrow, and I won't have to go to school."

Two porcupines make a prickly pair.

PAINFUL SUSPENSE—Hanging.

A book entitled "Lectures to Married Men" has appeared in England. Heaven save the mark! Haven't they enough already?

Do flutings render garments musical?

Josh Billings says: "When you strike ile, stop borin'; menny a man haz bored clean thru and let it all run out at the bottom."

A lawyer in St. Louis attempted to try a case the other day when he was half drunk, but the judge stopped him, saying, "No lawyer can serve two bars at the same time."

A pretty, bright little juvenile friend some five years old, named Rosa, was teased a good deal by a gentleman who visited the family. He finally wound up by saying, "Rosa, I don't love you." "But you've got to love me," said the child. "How so?" asked the tormentor. "Why," said Rosa, "the Bible says that you must love them that hate you, and I am sure that I hate you."

When is an umbrella like a cook's perquisites?—When it is dripping.

We should keep promises in violet (inviolate).

A gray-haired old man tried to get a room on Kearney Street, San Francisco, the other day. He asked the woman who answered the bell, "Have you a room to let?" "Yes," she replied, "but—" "But what?" "You can not have it." "Why not?" asked the old gentleman. "You are more than sixty years old, are you not?" "I am sixty-five. What of that?" "The landlady won't allow any funerals from her house."

PHILADELPHIA—BROAD STREET, IN THE VICINITY OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, DURING THE SESSION OF THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—From a Sketch by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 474.]

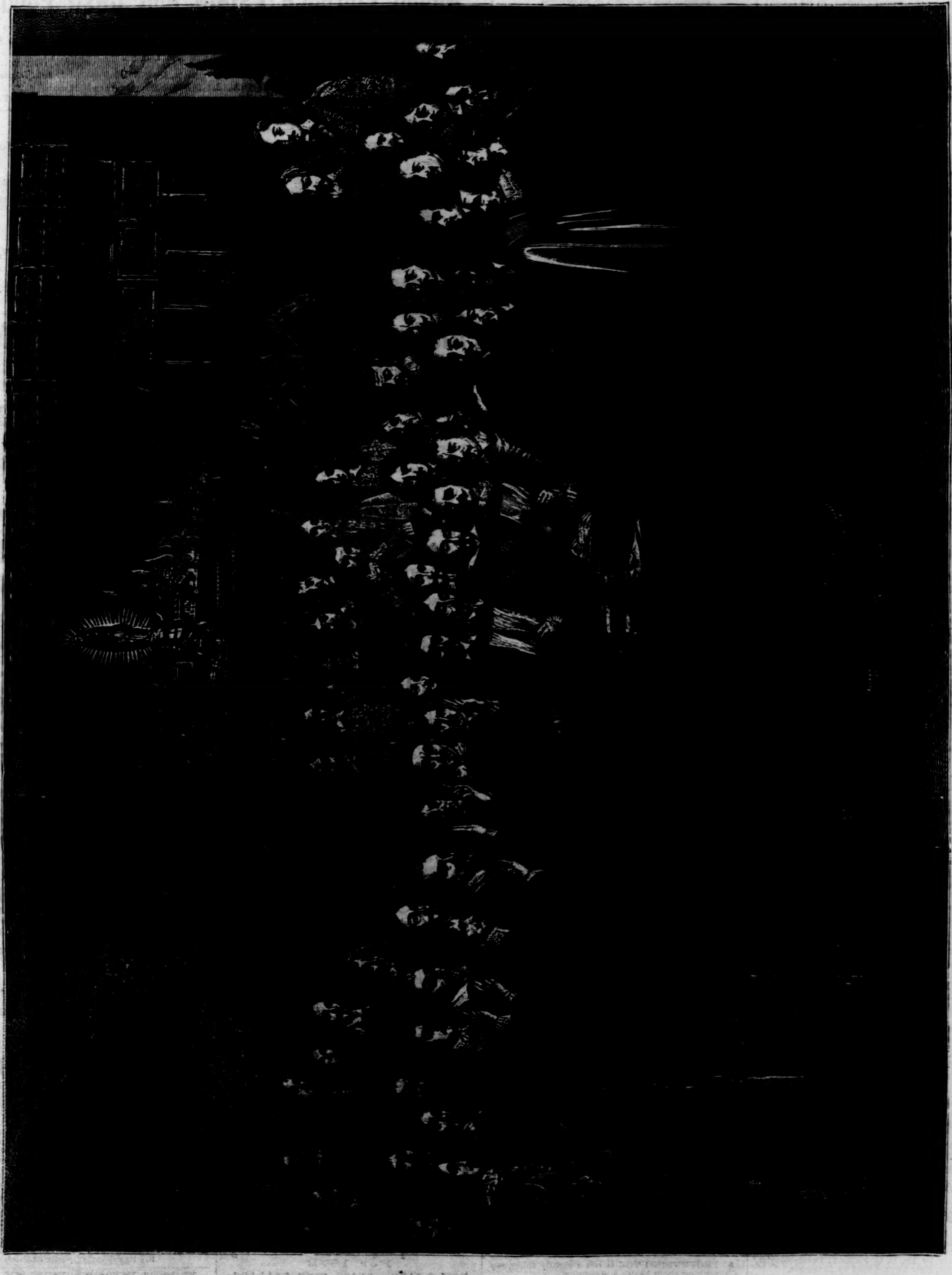
THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.

THE JESUITS AND THE GERMANS.

THE Peace of Westphalia (1648) gave rest to the Protestants of Germany from the protracted horrors of the Thirty Years' War. It forms the basis of the modern progress of Europe. More honest and more unsuspicious than their neighbors, the Germans had been incessantly misled by the cunning intrigues of Italian popes or Spanish kings, had been divided by useless controversies, and torn by civil disorders. To set German against German, to stimulate internal discord, and break the power of a nation which, if united, must have softened the rigors of European superstition, the papal powers labored with no common zeal. But the intrigues of the Jesuits in the seventeenth century proved more nearly successful than the arms of CHARLES V. or the invasions of two NAPOLEONS. For many years Germany lay a torn and bleeding waste at the feet of the followers of LOYOLA. FERDINAND II., educated in a Jesuit college, sat on the German throne. His predecessors had been mild and tolerant, but FERDINAND, a disciple of the pitiless LOYOLA, resolved to extirpate every trace of Protestantism from Vienna to the Baltic. Nothing, he had learned from his teachers, was so important as to secure the universal sway of the Romish Church; he could confer no higher blessing upon the world than the total destruction of the heretic.

Guided by his Spanish and Italian masters, the unhappy German, blind to the interests of his native land, began the Thirty Years' War. FERDINAND and the Jesuits resolved to make a speedy end of German liberty of thought and speech. Spanish troops and Spanish priests poured into the miserable country. Italians and Spaniards shared in the plunder of divided Germany, and laughed at its calamity. At the ceaseless instigation of the restless Jesuits the armies of the fanatical emperor swept over the Protestant districts, covered Bohemia with slaughter, and reduced the North to a fearful subjection. Like an avenging flame from the cave of Manresa, the genius of LOYOLA wasted the home of LUTHER, and rained down such woes upon the unhappy land as had been faintly foreshadowed in the Apocalypse; the fierce barbarity of the Spanish saint found its widest triumph in the pains and terrors of the German people. Germany, fighting against itself, became the scoff of the nations it had once awed or ruled. It trembled before the Spanish troops of SPINOLA. WALLENSTEIN and TILLY ruined their native land that the Jesuits might rule at Magdeburg and Prague. The Swede saved and pillaged Germany. France seized the Rhine provinces. Holland and Switzerland declared an eternal separation from the Germanic empire which FERDINAND had subjected to the cruel policy of an unsparing church. At length, by the Treaty of Westphalia, Protestantism secured its own existence, but Germany was divided forever by the bigotry of FERDINAND, and the intrigues of the priests were never to allow it unity and repose.

No nation, indeed, has suffered more deeply from the malice and the evil arts of the Jesuits. In the Thirty Years' War two-thirds of the population of Germany perished, we are told by its own historians, of famine, plague, and by the sword. Desolation reigned from the Danube to the Baltic. The fanatical rage of the Jesuits had made Germany a spectacle of misery. The French threw down its fortresses along the Rhine, and plundered its ruined villages. The Swedes exacted enormous contributions from its starving people. The treaty of 1648 left it divided and fallen: the South was separated from the North by Romish intrigues. Nor was it until the campaign of 1870 that Germany can be said to have renewed its unity, or to have recovered



THE TREATY OF WESTPHALIA.—[FROM THE PAINTING BY TERBURG.]

from the dangerous wounds inflicted by the followers of LOYOLA. To mislead and to deceive the honest German is still the chief aim of the persistent society. Three centuries of ceaseless malice have never exhausted the fires of Southern hate; and DÖLLINGER assumes, as all Germany now admits, that the war of 1870 was a religious crusade against its mental freedom. BISMARCK asserts that, in its new form of infallible submission, the Romish Church has proclaimed its undying hatred of Protestant Germany. Never were the Jesuits more busy in plotting the division and the fall of the German union. Nor has the Papal Church, in its recent transformation, become less hostile to that free government which, in the New World, has offered a shelter and a model to the German immigrant. Here, as in Germany, it is laboring to divide the great party of the Union, and here it seeks to use as its tools the German, who seemed to have escaped forever from its toils. The Romish press in Europe and America celebrate, as the leaders of their party, a SCHURZ or a GREELEY. The Roman Catholic influence is vigorously employed to join the Germans, the Irish, and the rebels in one bold assault upon American freedom. The *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, the chief assailant of the public schools, the organ of the Jesuits, exclaims, May 9: "The only wise course for it" (the Democratic party) "will be to unite under the lead of GREELEY;" and a long array of Romish journals summon to their aid all the dying elements of discord and decay. They hope by the defeat of GRANT to deal a fatal blow to the cause of education, the firmest bond of union. Nor will the cunning hand of Romish priestcraft be withdrawn from American politics until it has been palsied and withered by the popular indignation.

The painting from which our engraving is taken is very highly prized. Although only 22 inches by 16 in size, the artist himself fixed its price at £600, equal to £2400 modern currency. It was recently purchased by Sir RICHARD WALLACE for about $40,000, and presented to the British National Gallery.

All the principal heads in the composition, though each is scarcely larger than a thumb-nail, are finished with an exactness and variety of life-like character which elevate it into the highest range of historical portrait painting. The incidents represented took place on the 15th of May, 1648, in the Town Hall of Münster, the capital of Westphalia, when the exchange of ratifications of the treaty, signed some months before, took place between the plenipotentiaries of Spain and Holland. The exact moment of the picture is when a clerk reads aloud the clause of ratification. BARTHOLD VAN GENT on the part of Holland, and the Count DE PENARANDA on the part of Spain, each holds a copy of the paper, while the six Dutch plenipotentiaries raise their right hands in token of attestation. The two representatives of Spain make their attestations on a copy of the Gospels, on which is laid a silver cross. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

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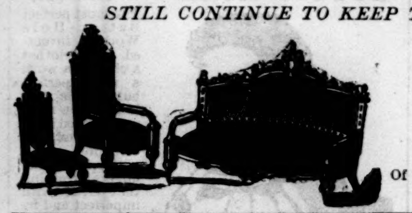

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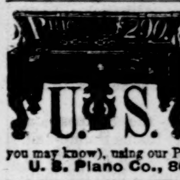

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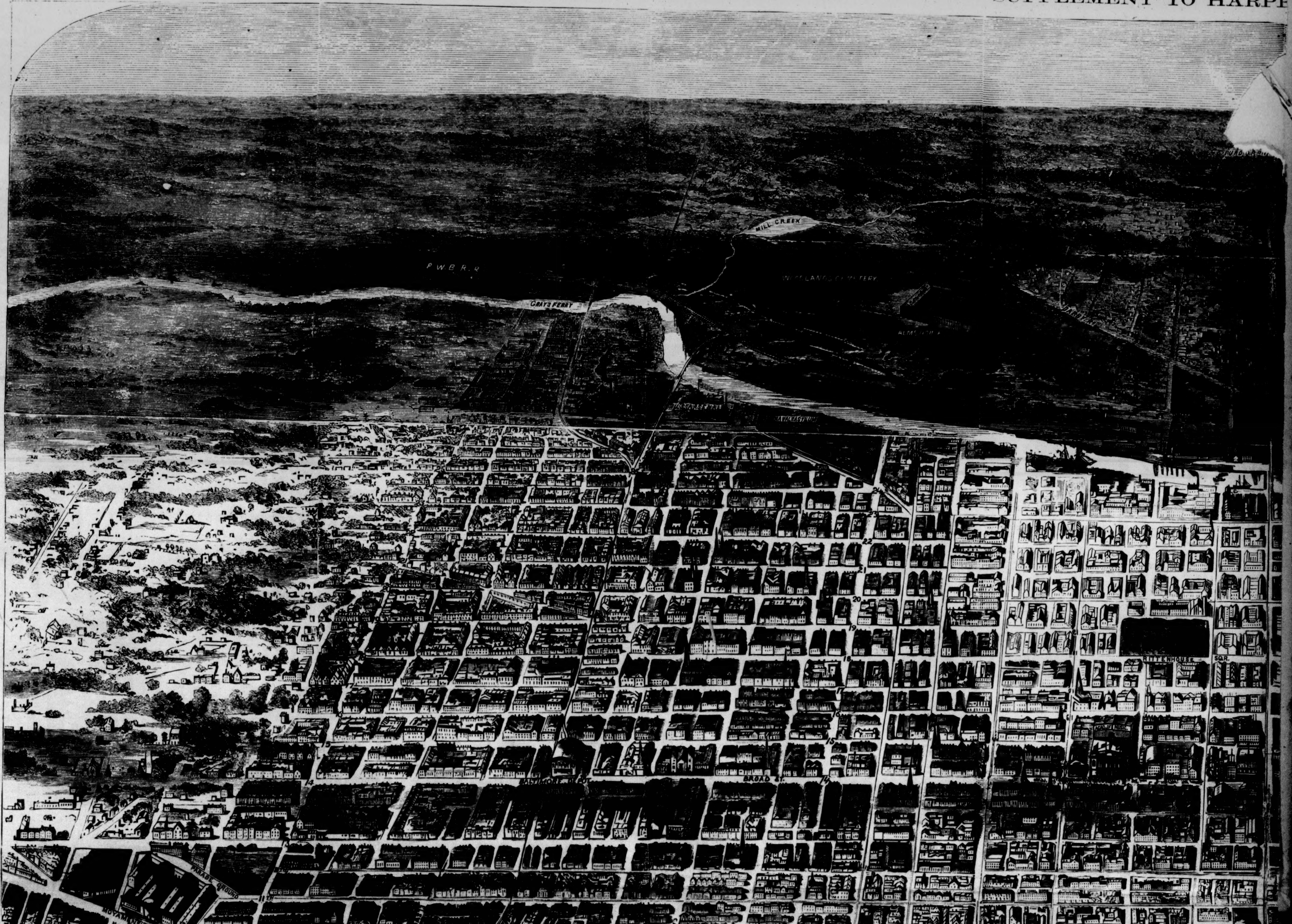
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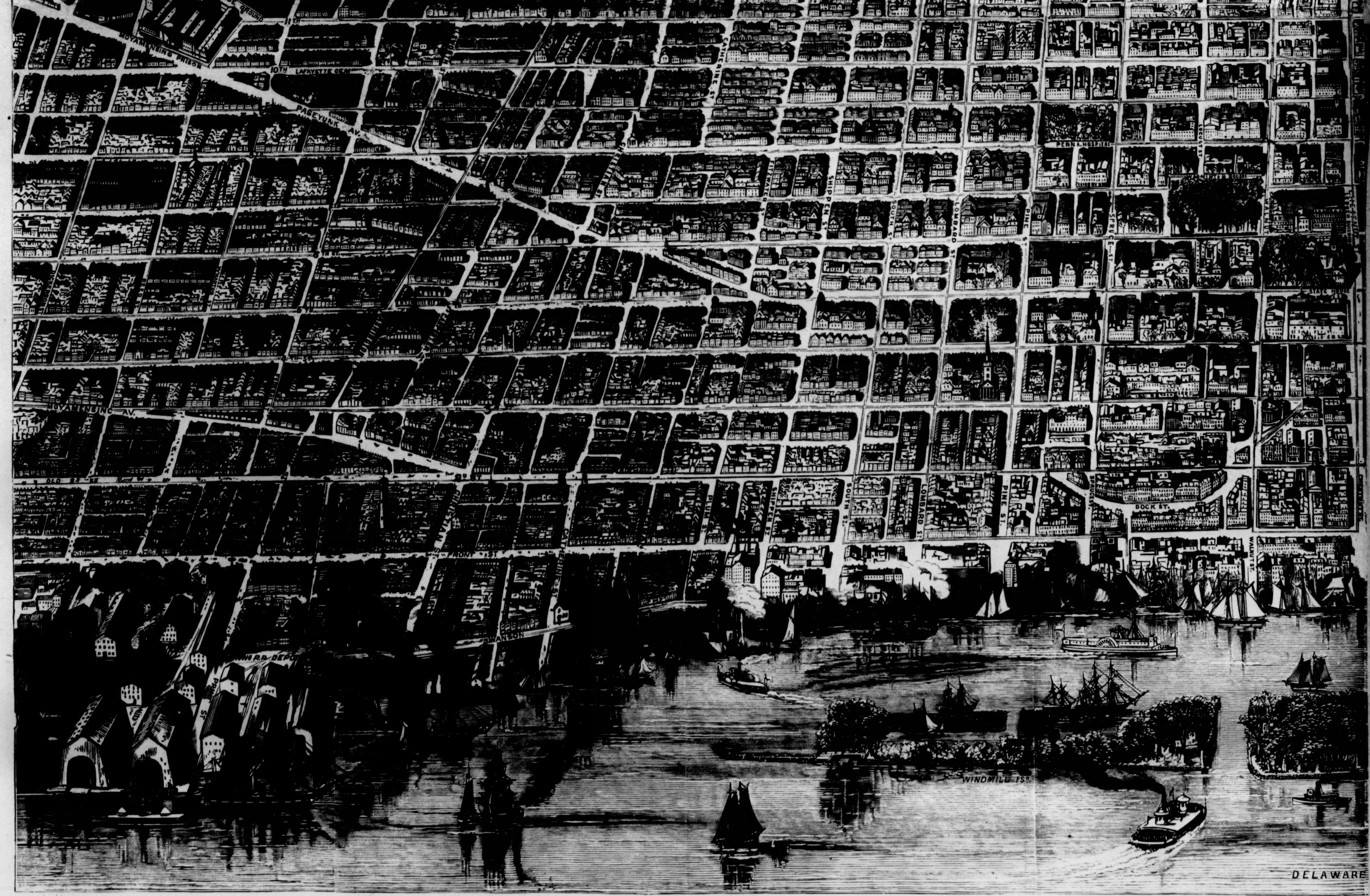

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